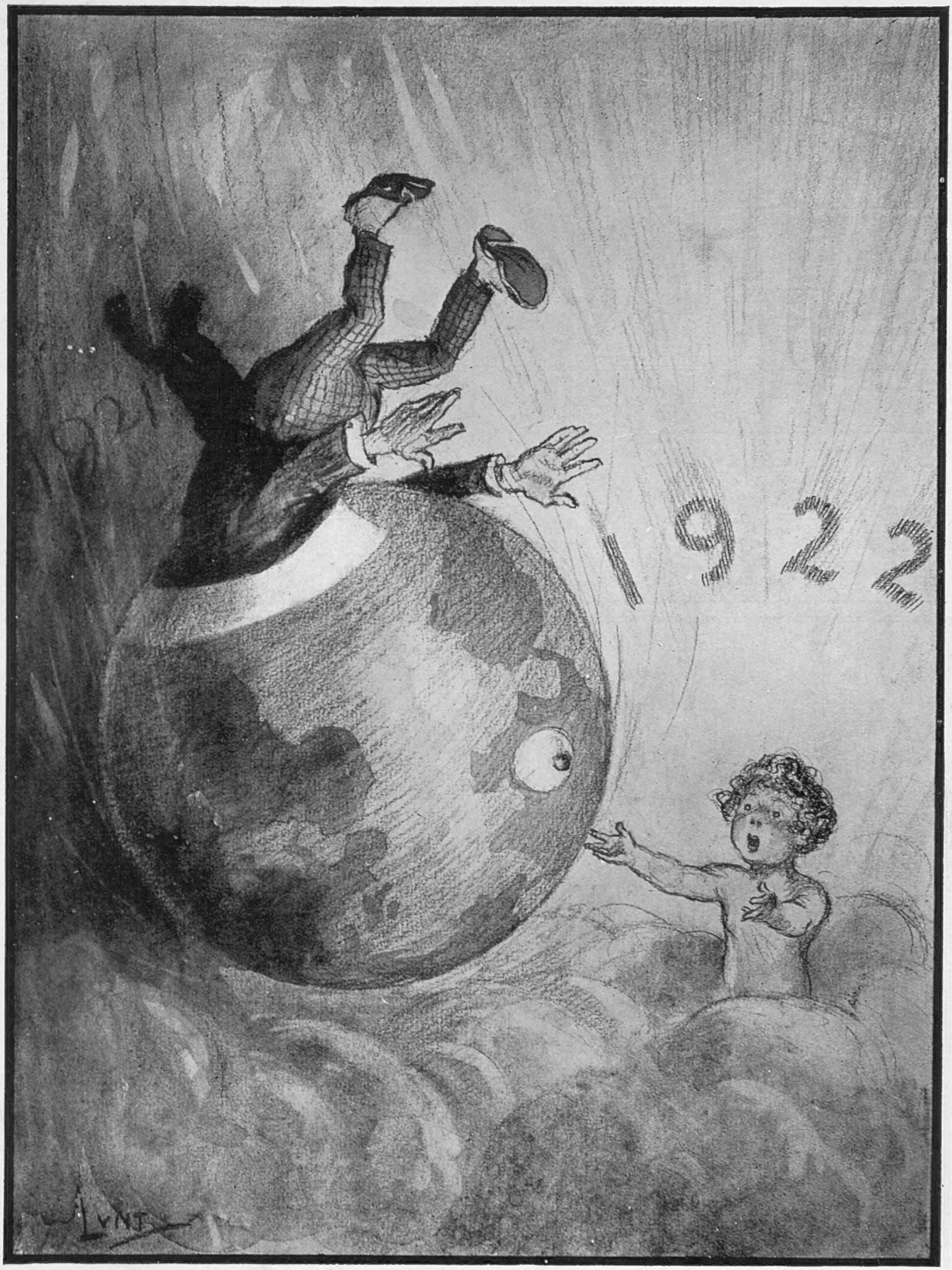
The Bystander, December 28, 1921 No. 943. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

A FRIEND IN NEED

OUR UPSIDE-DOWN WORLD: "Glad you've come, sonny, you're just in time to put me on my feet"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45. GROCK & "Partner," ARTHUR PRINCE & "Jim," LOIE FULLER'S DANCERS, GEORGE & BUTCHER, ELLIOTT SAVONAS, Rupert Ingalese, Togan & Geneva, Sam Barton, Pathe Gazette.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645). THE GOLDEN MOTH. Evenings 8. Mats., Daily this week, then Weds. & Sats. 2. W. H. BERRY, Robert Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham Nancie Lovat, Misquette and Maxly.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3243. THE FAITHFUL HEART by MONCKTON HOFFE. GODFREY TEARLE Mary Odette. Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

GARRICK. (Ger. 9513). Every Evening at 8.15. RUBY MILLER and All Star Cast. "THE EDGE O' BEYOND" By Gertrude Page (Authoress of "Paddy the next Best Thing"). "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" Mats. Only, Daily 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Manager, MARIE LÖHR Nightly at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30 "THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" IRENE VANBRUGH.

NEW. (Regent 4466). MATHESON LANG in "BLOOD AND SAND" Every Evening at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834). THE CO-OPTIMISTS in a New Xmas Entertainment. This week Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903). GILBERT MILLER presents PETER PAN by J. M. Barrie. Twice Daily at 2 and 8.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). EveryEvg. 8.30. Mats., Thurs & Sat. 2.30 R. Courtneidge and R. Burton present ARTHUR BOURCHIER in THE THING THAT MATTERS, with LADY TREE & KYRLE BELLEW.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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THE GRAPHIC

DECEMBER 31

Will contain in addition to the ordinary pictorial record the following, among other, exclusive features:—

THE PRINCE'S TOUR IN INDIA

(IN COLOUR)

By DONALD MAXWELL.

REMARKABLE EVEREST PICTURES:

The Last of the Present Series.

LIFE ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Homely Hotels

In advocating hotel management as a calling for women, Lady Honywood, herself the managing director of three hotels, says, "After all, the modern hotel is a magnified home." But the trouble is that the modern hotel is usually about as homely as the Crystal Palace or Olympia. There is no doubt, however, to my mind, that it is the woman's influence and work that make many of the smaller and old-fashioned hotels far more comfortable and home-like than are what one generally understands by the term "modern hotels." In these smaller houses the woman is more often the landlord's wife than the manageress, though two of the most comfortable hotels I have ever stayed in were run by manageresses.

Too Large for Comfort

But modern hotels are too big to be comfortable in the "homely" sense of the word. The true Englishman generally wears a rather depressed air when staying in a hotel. For one thing, he feels lonely, and yet vaguely resents the presence of all the other people. The American, on the other hand, is perfectly at home in all hotels. He is cheerful and chatty, even if he is one of only four or five in a smoking-room as big as the Albert Hall.

Our Ignorant Girls

Here's a young lady from Sweden, who says that our English girls cannot talk except about the weather. One of them whom she asked about Schiller and Gœthe had never heard of them! Of course, if young ladies from Sweden, or anywhere else, on being introduced to English girls start off by "asking about" Schiller and Gœthe, they will not be likely to find them very chatty. I know that I should give a wide berth to young Swedish ladies who wished to cross-examine me on the German poets.

"They Have No Conversation"

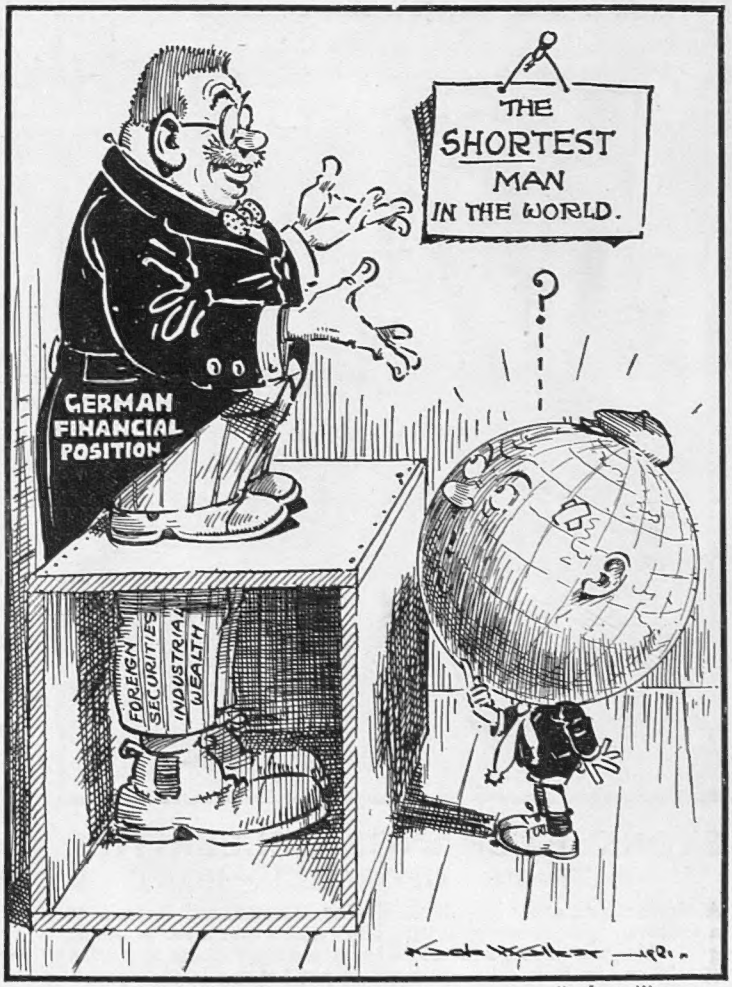
Then someone who signs himself "Sportsman" says that our girls cannot walk into a room without being conscious of their feet or sit down without wondering what to do with their hands. He also says "they have no conversation." I wonder what he tries to talk to them about! I wish I could bring him and the young Swedish lady together—the English girls would not be jealous.

Never!

I utterly refuse to believe a writer in the *Queen* who declares that Princess Mary has recently been making "great strides" in dancing.

In the Eyes of 1980

Someone writing the other day about the revival of a troupe of "Christy Minstrels" spoke with wonder of the tremendous vogue this form of entertainment had for so many years in the Victorian age. He found it hard to credit Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm for it, and almost impossible to imagine him singing the "Camp Town Races." This seems to me very absurd. I wonder if it will be any harder for the people of, say, 1980 to imagine reputable and elderly gentlemen of 1921 spending long afternoons and evenings in public dance-halls, dancing with hired partners to the frenzied strains of a "jazz" band composed of Afro-Americans apparently afflicted with chronic convulsions. I don't think so. Indeed, of the two niggeresque importations from America I fancy the Georgian will look stranger to the eyes of posterity than the Victorian.



By Jack Walker

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

The Bowmen Beat It

On sentimental grounds alone it seems a pity to turn out the Royal Toxophilite Society from their ground in Regent's Park. They have been there a long time, and merely to mention an archer brings to one's mind the bowmen of Crecy and Agincourt. The English bowman had no peer, and out of mere sentiment one would not wish his weapon entirely to disappear save as unused specimens in museum cases.

In the Next War

Apart from sentiment, we may find them useful yet. When the League of Nations and the Washington Conference have scrapped all navies and armies and banned gunpowder and gas, the day may yet come when we shall be glad of a few Regent's Park bowmen ready for immediate service. I shall not be at all surprised to hear of archery becoming a favourite "sport" in Germany any day.

Are You a National Citizen?

The Middle Classes' Union has, I see, decided to change its name to the "National Citizens' Union." I am not quite sure that I know exactly what a National Citizen is. If I had been asked suddenly I fancy I should have thought it meant an Irish Free Stater who had failed to become an Irish Republican. Of course, "Middle Classes' Union" was a hopeless name. A vast number of British people have a strange objection to being called "middle class," especially if they are thoroughly entitled to the description.

The Middle-Middle Classes

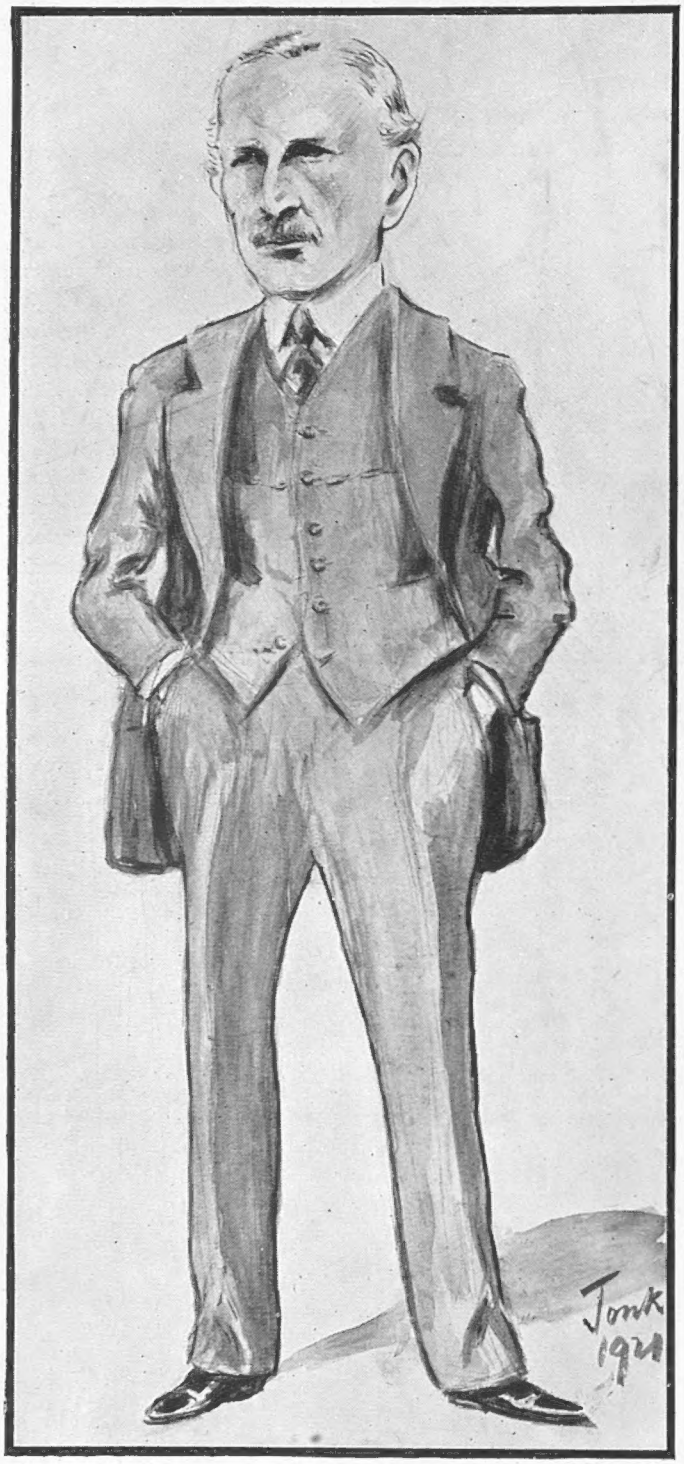
And when it comes to "Middle Classes" in the plural, it is impossible to know where you are or who's who, with your "upper middle class" and your "lower middle class," which necessarily, one would imagine, imply a "middle-middle class," which would probably be just about the class that needs Union. It is the class that shows on one side the cruel scars of the upper and on the other those of the nether millstone. But they have not hit on the right name for it yet. They must hurry up or it will be too late—it matters little what name will be placed on its tombstone.

How Like the Huns

How like a German to have been toiling away trying to make synthetic gold, and so put the finishing touch to the bankruptcy of the world, at a time like this! The late H. R. Chamberlain, of the *New York Sun*, wrote a brilliant book some twenty years ago, working out the inevitable consequences of the existence of too much gold, if, of course, it were used. He placed a vast amount, I forget how many thousand tons, in the hands of a few men whose sole aim was to do good with it all over the world. But their operations, secretly and cleverly conducted as they were, betrayed the fact that there was a gold power in existence which could master any combination of known capital.

A Gold Crisis

The paralysing effect of this upon the whole civilised world was such that the owners of the gold, who had worked on

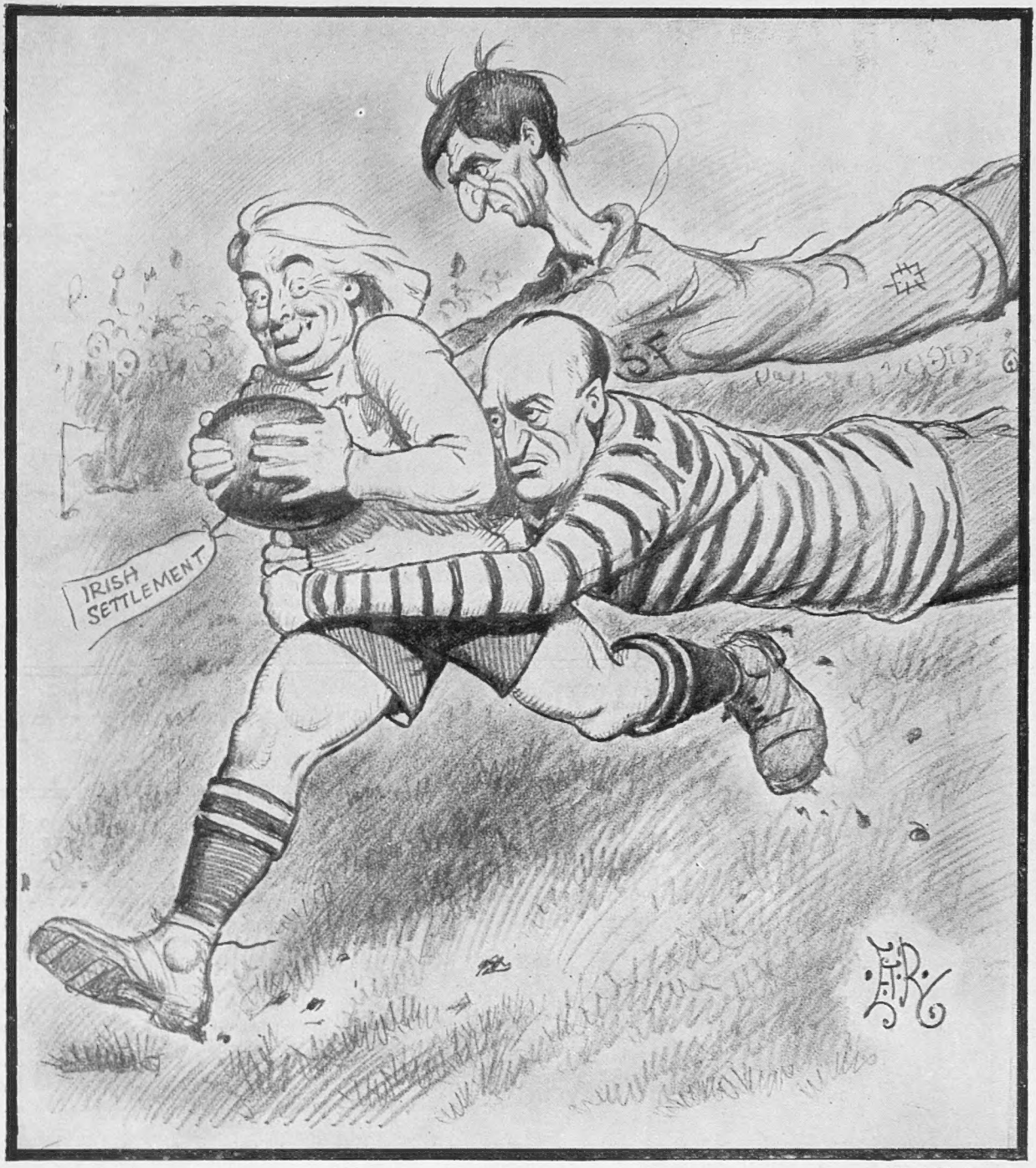


By "Jonk"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. X.—MR. GEORGE D. ROWE

A Rowe-r, *i.e.*, one who rows. Having distinguished himself as a cricketer, took up rowing for the same reason that a lot of people go to Margate in August. He wanted a change. Got his Blue (Dark) and in later years did much to put Leander in the "pink" of its present condition. In spare moments he is a member of the Stock Exchange Committee.



By E. T. Reed

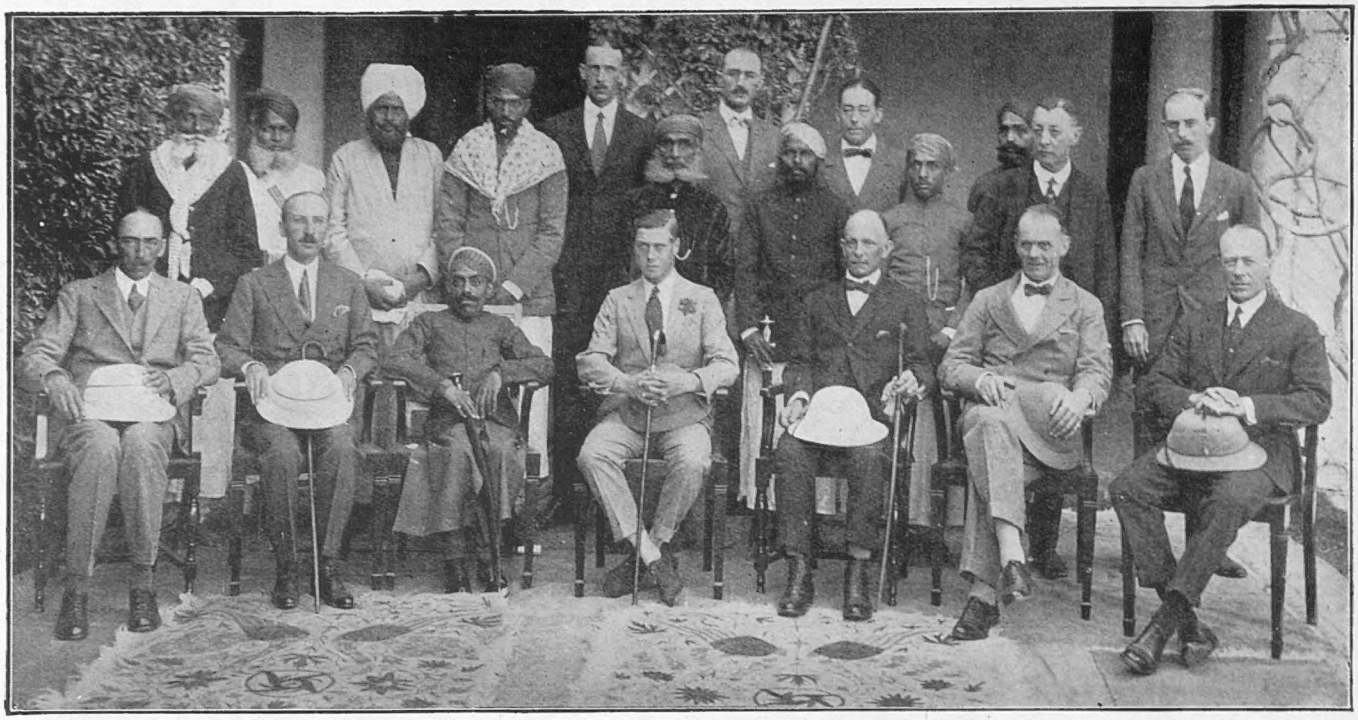
WILL HE GET OVER WITH IT?

A Rough Game against the "Hibernian Hotspurs"

absolutely altruistic lines, communicated with their Government. An international conference, such as is now sitting at Washington, was summoned. The upshot of it was that all this vast store of gold was placed in an American battleship, which steamed to the middle of the Atlantic, and there, in the presence of battleships from every country that has a navy, the whole of it was buried in the sea. Not at all a bad way of dealing with German chemists.

Facts and Architects

As a nation we have a vast respect for facts. We like to be told about them. We love to know, for instance, that if all the politicians in the country were placed end to end they would reach half-way to Mars—or Venus—I forget which. I am reminded of this because I see that a learned gentleman has been deploring the fact (dear, dear!) that probably not 1 per cent. of the average assembly of Londoners in, say, a West End restaurant, would be able to recite, off-hand, the names of the half-dozen "best-known" architects in London. I am not surprised. I tried, and thought of—well, there's no need to mention names!. But it didn't run to half a dozen. I am not, however, in the least penitent about it. Why should one be? What's the good of the reference books, else? Architects are shy, retiring folk. And, in any case, when one looks around one wonders do they really deserve——? But there's no point in starting the New Year with a libel action!



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT UDAIPUR

Udaipur's reception to the Prince of Wales was exceptionally enthusiastic and he is here seen with the Maharajah Kumah and his suite at the residency. The Prince is spending Christmas in Calcutta

PIG-STICKING

Previous to his visit to India H.R.H. had not experienced the thrills of pig-sticking

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Christmas

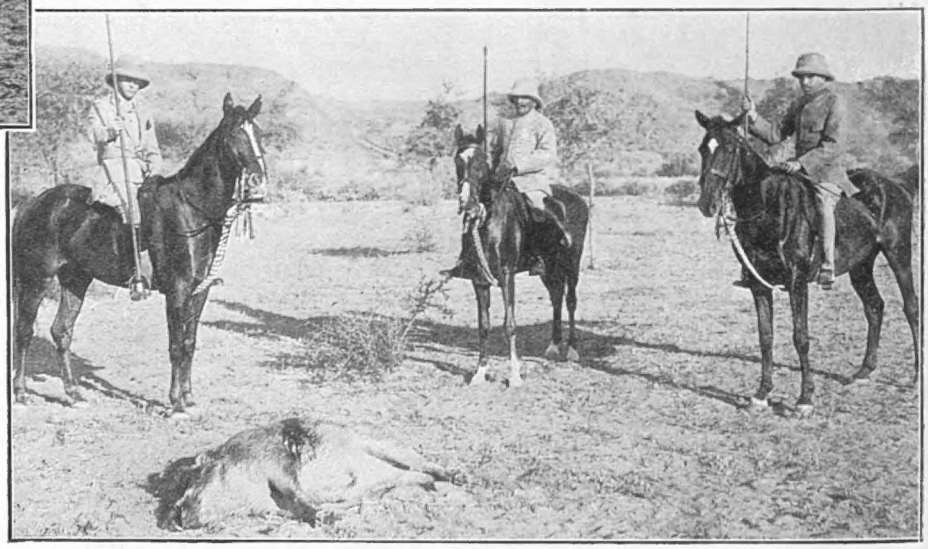
CHRISTMAS this year is puzzling. On the one hand you hear of so many people who have stayed in London because they have not been asked "as usual" to join country-house parties—the reason being so many houses where they used to stay are sold, or servant difficulties in the houses that still remain unsold. On the other hand there were the packed railway trains, stacks of luggage on cabs and platforms, and letters from friends scattered here and there all over the country.

The rush to Scotland last week was worse than any August. You couldn't get a seat unless you were at the station an hour before the night trains departed.

Myself, I think the explanation is this. It has been a Christmas of family parties, and most of the folk who have crowded the train have been "relations" going to stay with "relations."

The servant difficulty—especially in remote places—makes the usual entertaining impossible. So most people who can still afford to feed a few guests naturally have only asked relatives and belongings who "won't mind putting up with things."

Job servants, I'm told, are having a golden harvest this Christmas-time. People with children at school and who have been living in three-part closed country houses find it cheaper to hire temporary servants for the holidays, open up the house, and entertain visitors than to take the other alternative—have the children in a lodging in London or at the seaside. London means a big expense because



Photographs *Central News*

HIS FIRST KILL

The Prince of Wales, Sir Pertab Singh and the Maharajah of Jodhpur after the Prince had just disposed of his first wild boar. Few sports in the world can rival the thrills of pig-sticking

of all the amusements—there's nothing else for the children to do. The seaside spells dullness and no particular saving. On the other hand, the wages of temporary servants and the running of the house for the holidays are less expense, the children are at home, and relatives and friends can be entertained.

I know a good many people who are following this plan in the holidays. During the school terms the father and mother live in four rooms or so with a couple of servants—all the rest of the house under dust-sheets. Then when the holidays come, hey presto! off come the dust-sheets, the necessary servants are engaged, and for four or five weeks the old home is just as the children have always known it.

A Sign of "Form"

MERE man amongst the subtleties of female fashion is as a simple-minded, honest ploughman at a board of diplomatists arranging the terms of a Peace Conference; or even as one, who has never played anything but patience, at a game of auction with experts. Indications that are naked and clamant to the experienced eye are a sealed book to him like unto that of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Here is an example. At a charity dance the other evening a very mere male—none other than your Bystander—was somewhat aghast to hear two ladies of his party speaking in terms which, since one is nothing if not honest, one must say were far more than deprecatory of a knot of other ladies, clearly a party, who were chattering together near by.

"They look all right. What is the matter with them?" your Bystander asked, a little puzzled by the "winged words" of criticism.

"They have no sleeves!" was the answer—definite, curt, and decisive.

From the definiteness, curtness, and decisiveness your Bystander gathered that to wear no sleeves in these present days of grace is "bad form."

Yet only a very short time ago I myself saw the disdainful and critical lady who spoke so decisively not only without any sleeves on her evening frock, but likewise without a superfluity of material upon its back or front.

"Treading Water"

I DON'T mind confessing it frankly. I have a pang every time I read advertisements of old properties coming into the market. In these times my pangs are many—I might almost say daily.

One after the other the old houses are literally tumbling into the market. Now Lord Sherborne is selling beautiful Bibury Court in Gloucestershire, Lord Hardinge—the Viscount, don't confuse him with his brother, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, our Ambassador in Paris—wants to let South Park at Penshurst; and after being in the Mackenzie family for

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED . . .

Lady Muriel Bertie, the only child of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, whose engagement was recently announced to Captain H. H. Liddell Grainger, of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS DOROTHY HASTINGS

The second daughter of the Hon. Esmond Hastings, a brother of the Earl of Huntingdon, whose engagement is announced to the Earl of Eltham, the eldest son and heir of the Marquess of Cambridge (Queen Mary's brother). The Earl of Eltham served with the Life Guards in the War

Photograph *Ella Malcolm*

COUNTESS OF HALSBURY

A new portrait of the Countess of Halsbury, whose husband, the second Earl of Halsbury, recently succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the veteran lawyer, who was for many years Lord Chancellor

three centuries, Marklands in Perthshire has been sold.

One can't help feeling that the people who buy must be prodigiously well off. Otherwise how could they set up big establishments and keep them going, pay the high rates, taxes, and other expenses which have literally forced the former owners to sell.

Again, one wonders if owners of beautiful and old family houses would " bide a wee," and follow the example of Lord Glanusk, whether time would not right things.

Lord Glanusk, who is the second peer, has shut up his house, and he and his wife are going to live in a fishing lodge in Wales until times grow easier. Of course, each case of heavy pressure by taxation and high wages is determined by its own circumstances, but Lord Glanusk's plan to " tread water," as it were, gives the next generation, at any rate, a chance of living in the old family home, and exercising all the old family influence in a countryside and county.

Speaking of Lord Glanusk, I have a vivid recollection of the late Lord Glenesk's—the proprietor of the *Morning Post*—anger when the peerage was created in favour of the present peer's father.

" We shall get each others letters, and be always confused with one another. What is the difference between an " a " and a " e " and an " u " and an " e " to the British postman and the British public ? " he said.

I believe Lord Glenesk protested but the protest had not the same effect as that of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley when Lord Hardinge of Penshurst chose the title of Lord Penshurst for the peerage he was given when he went as Viceroy to India. The barony of Penshurst is one of the De L'Isle and Dudley titles, and Lord De L'Isle made so strong an objection to the Government and the Herald's College, that Sir Charles Hardinge, as he then was, had to forego the title of Penshurst and fall back upon his family name of Hardinge.

Choosing a Title

IT must be very difficult to choose a title when you are made a peer, unless you have already some strong territorial holding that gives a name *qui saute aux yeux* as it were. There is a story of a man about to be enobled who wrote six possible names on a slip of paper. He gave the paper to his butler, and told him to announce each name upon it as if the holder were entering the room.

The butler announced the six names solemnly and decorously, three times in succession. The about-to-be-coronetted-one made his choice on these announcements.

Photograph *Yvonde*

ENGAGED

Miss A. H. Bethell, the daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Bethell, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Bethell, whose engagement has been announced to Lieut. B. A. Marsden Smedley, R.N.

The Great Day

IT is stated on reliable authority that the marriage of Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles will take place in Westminster Abbey during the last week of February.

Photograph] **THE ROYAL VISIT TO LONDON** *[L. N. A.*

The King and Queen of Norway with their son, Prince Olaf, arrived last week for a short visit, and were met at King's Cross by the King and Princess Victoria. From left to right can be seen Princess Victoria, King George, the King and Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf. They are now staying at Sandringham with Queen Alexandra

Next Week

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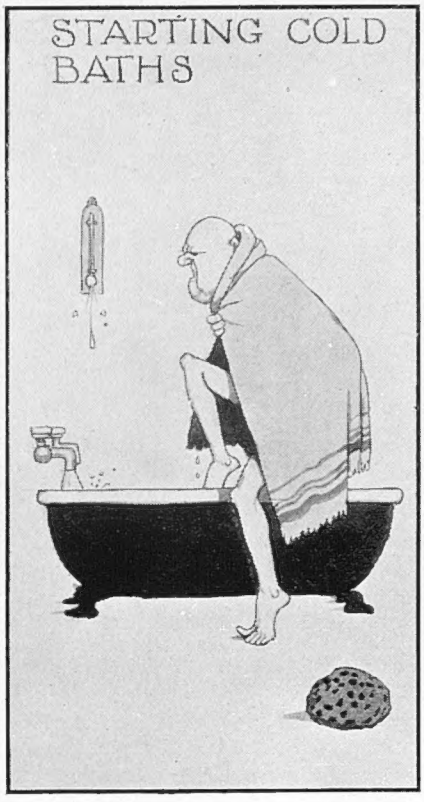
Bystander

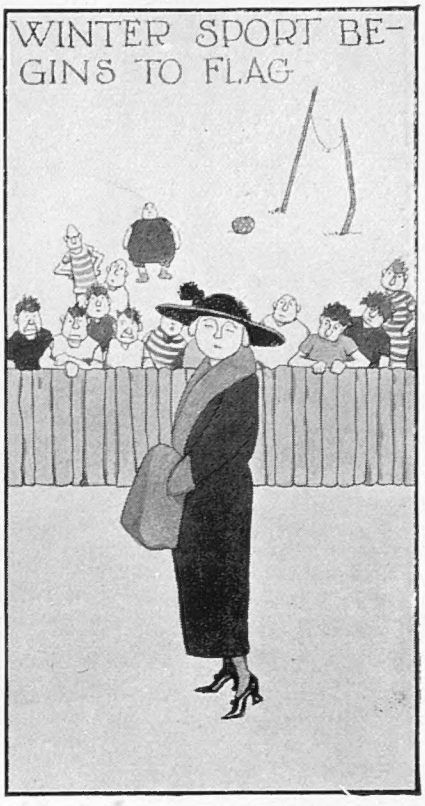
Theatrical

Number

The . . BYSTANDER ALMANACK

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON AND REGINALD ARKELL





JANUARY

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Myself, when young,
On Jan. the First,
With wickedness
Was like to burst.

I said: "These crimes
I will eschew;
These wicked deeds
No longer do."

Thus I resolved,
And yet, somehow,
I find I'm just
As wicked now.

FEBRUARY

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28				

I venerate
Those heroes bold,
Who never seem
To feel the cold.

I always long
To copy them,
And break the ice
At 6 a.m.

It cannot be,
For, *entre nous*,
My doctor says
It wouldn't do.

MARCH

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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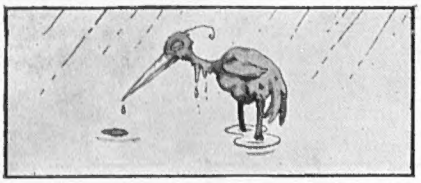
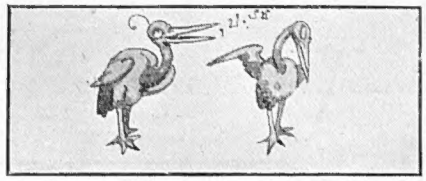
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

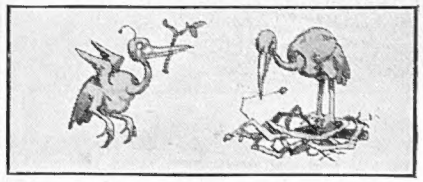
In March when skies
Are dull and grey,
We owe our rent
On Quarter Day.

The tempests rage,
The wind is keen—
The wind they put
Up us, I mean.

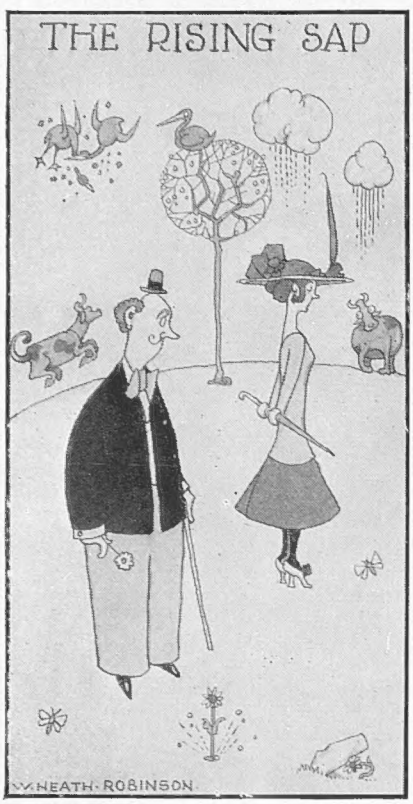
The breakers break
With driving spray,
And we are broke
On Quarter Day.

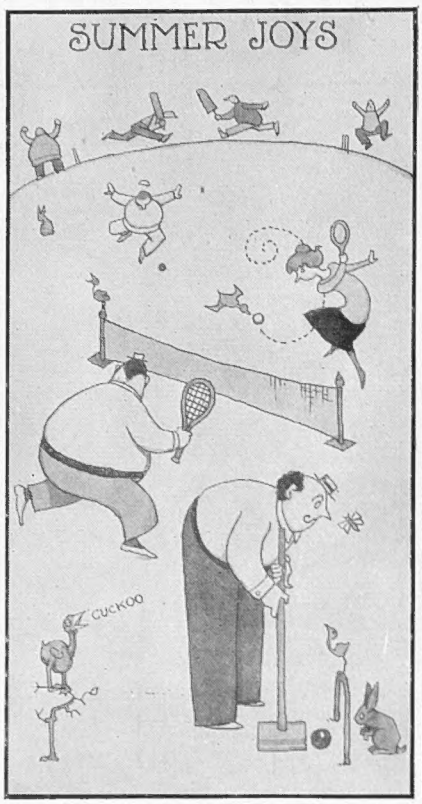


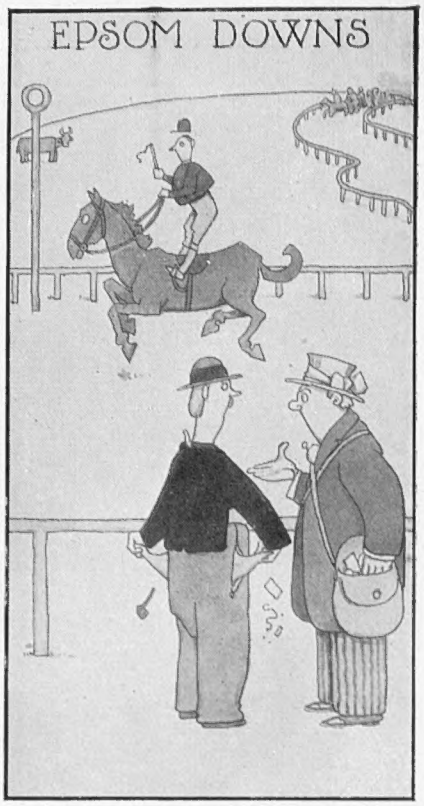




THE BYSTANDER ALMANACK (continued)







APRIL

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

MAY

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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4	WHIT MONDAY	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

On All Fools Day
I met a man,
Who had a most
Delightful plan,

By which all Bu-
reaucrats were paid,
Out of the money
They had made.

I laughed till I
Was out of breath,
To think how they
Would starve to death.

The Government
At last find work
For Unemployed
Who do not shirk.

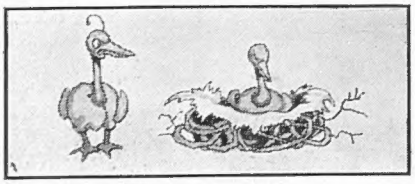
The men will search
East, North and West,
(And South) to find
A cuckoo's nest.

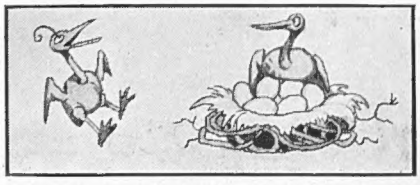
And when they have
Discovered one,
They'll give it to
South Kensington.

The rose that blows
In flaming June,
May find that it
Has blown too soon.

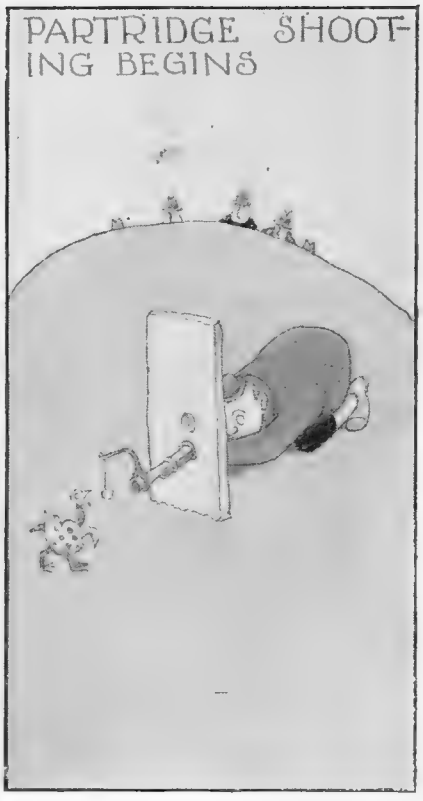
For frost and hail
And rain and noses
Are blown within
This month of roses.

And Mrs. Perkins,
Sweet and shy,
May get a snowball
In her eye.





THE BYSTANDER ALMANACK (continued)



JULY

SUN	MON	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

AUGUST

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	BANK HOLIDAY	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

SEPTEMBER

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

The letter "R"
Within July
Does not appear,
And that is why

We have to live
On Irish Stew,
And pay March bills
Now falling due;

And have no oysters
With our stout—
Because they left
That letter out!

The river girl
As all admit,
This month is ab-
solutely IT.

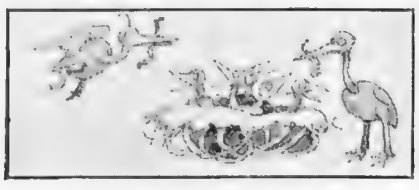
With cigarette
She loves to sit:
At last 'tis ab-
solutely lit.

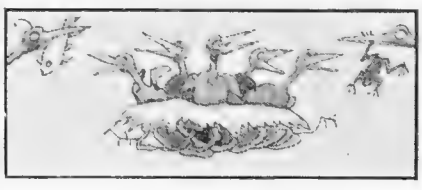
You get the bill
And have a fit,
To find you're ab-
solutely hit.

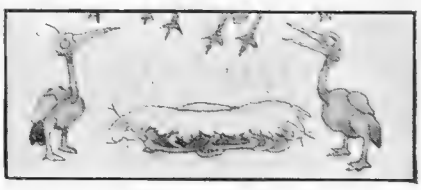
The Profiteer,
He buys a gun,
And promptly on
September One

He sallies forth
On murder bent,
And, ere his cartridges
Are spent,

No doubt you'll find
This sportsman new
Has bagged a fox
And keeper, too!







THE BYSTANDER ALMANACK (concluded)

OCTOBER

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

NOVEMBER

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

DECEMBER

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	XMAS DAY	BOXING DAY	27	28	29	30

A pheasant is
A pretty thing,
When it is seen
Upon the wing.

You'll find that they
Are hard to hit,
Unless you shoot
Them as they sit.

So wait until
One starts to sink,
Then smile and say:
"My bird, I think."

Guy Fawkes, we know,
Was sold a pup;
He couldn't blow
St. Stephen's up.

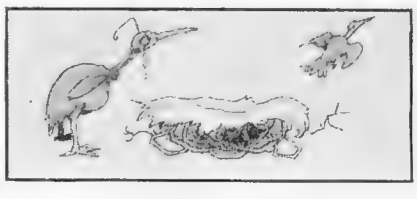
Poor Guido lived
Before his time;
To-day 'twould not
Have been a crime.

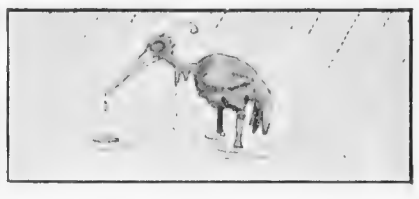
Now I have made
This matter plain,
Perhaps, some day
He'll try again.

On Christmas Day
We curse the cold,
And eat as much
As we can hold.

The postman brings
A heavy load
Of all the bills
We ever owed.

King Wenceslas,
I have no doubt,
Saw much the same
When *he* looked out!





A PANORAMIC VISTA OF MONTE CARLO

A rather unique photograph taken recently on the Côte d'Azur, embracing Monaco, Monte Carlo and Cap Martin on extreme left

The Riviera Week by Week

by Dunce-Scotus

STILL perfect winter weather, cold and bright, with lovely sunsets. The ground at Mont Agel is frozen hard at night, and rolling and brushing greens is rather a farce at present, so they are distinctly rough, but the golf on the whole is so natural and so interesting that crowds come up.

TO-DAY the new creation—*The Temptation of St. Anthony*—by Davico at Maître Léon Jehin's classical concert in the afternoon certainly kept some golfers from the weekly competition. It is also the opening day of the famous Sporting Club, where you feed and gamble most luxuriously. However, many names were inscribed and played and lunched and played, for here you are allowed to lunch after nine holes, as it takes some time for golfers from all the centres to assemble. Also, there are many players here for reasons of health, and very wisely here.

DR. GOLF'S prescriptions of fine air, wild nature, and fascinating physical culture without too much fatigue up here, are deservedly becoming more and more appreciated all the world over. His assistants here—Arthur and Robert Grant—are very skilled and popular experts, who have every good pill on sale and all sorts of clubs (except German) for you to swing two or three hundred times a day if you like. Dr. Golf believes in sunbaths and *la vie en plein air*, and many of his patients picnic among the lizards on the warm rocks near the clubhouse below the ever-green oaks. Their acorns take two years to ripen. "If you want to be well, Come to Mont Agel," is Lord Rosslyn's best-known verse! But new arrivals cannot be too careful in these short winter days to remember that the sun gives little warmth after lunch, and that really warm coats and wraps are necessary for non-golfers and for the drive down after getting, perhaps, very hot.

Photograph *E. Navello*

MISS HILDA CORRINGTON

The tennis "pro" at Evian-les-Bains and Cannes who is an exceptionally fine player at golf as well

MANY visitors miss seeing the small herd of Corsican *mouflons* in the enclosure near the clubhouse. There are some fine heads among them. Some are over fifty years old. They are getting rare in Corsica now. A few are bred here each year and allowed to roam freely over the mountain in summer. They are shy and are amusing with those who feed them, but have a trick of butting you playfully, when it is difficult to maintain that air of dignity and perfect poise which man likes to arrogate to himself. I have had a string of women hanging on behind me and using me as a shield of defence against their young horns! A nurse once broke a baby's feeding-bottle here, and calmly demanded another from the secretary, which he was able gravely to supply. The young *mouflon* use them. The motto of the clubhouse has since been, "Ask and ye shall receive," and it certainly does wonders in satisfying all and sundry under great difficulties, 3,000 feet up on the bare mountain side. The secretary's entire wardrobe, when he lived there in 1914, was hired out by an astute valet to provide changes for the drooked competitors in an inter-club match. The valet relied on the secretary being too busy to notice, but a very green pair of bags let the cat out. However, the club motto was observed, though illegitimately adopted by the valet.

Photograph *E. Navello*

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF

The renowned financier, who, every morning and afternoon, paces the Casino gardens and terraces in the warmth of the southern sun

THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (*concluded*)

MR. PETER GANNON (plus 3) was in form, and halved with bogey, going round in 72 (36 and 36), thus lowering the 1914 record, 76, of Colonel Hole (6). Captain A. G. Barry (plus 3) only took 73 (35 and 38), but finished 2 down to bogey. Major Bryce (scratch) and Mr. Voules (— 3) were 4 down. Mr. Cooper Smith (— 1) before the War played from — 6, but has hardly played since 1914, and did no good.

MR. M. S. NAPIER
Of celebrated car fame, playing on the links at Cannes

A NEW celebrity in the rooms lately is Mme. Nazimova, the Russian film star, who is also great on the violin. On the afternoon of the 15th, Miss Phyllis Webster, singing in the disguise of Maria Sandra, was charmingly successful in interpreting the leading part (soprano) from the cantata of the Italian composer, Davico—*The Temptation of St. Anthony*—rendered for the first time. She had a very encouraging reception from a crowded audience. She is a pupil of Pandolfini, and has, though quite young, evidently studied for seven years to some purpose. This so-called oratorio is fine music. Signor Davico also wrote the libretto from Flaubert's work, and the performance was timed to aid in the celebration of his centenary. As usual, Léon Jehin proved himself a master in the conductor's chair. He is a great asset to Monte Carlo.

THERE are Christmas lunches, dinners, and gala dances everywhere. The lunch at the Golf Club is always crowded, but the kind smile and generous hospitality of the late Sir Ernest Cassel was missed. Another *habitué* of last year, Sir Frederick Treves, is at Vevey at present, finishing what should be his most charming book (and that implies much) on the Lake of Geneva and the legends and history of "Haute Savoie," which should be published in spring by Messrs. Cassell.

THE improvements and additions to the Sporting Club came none too soon, and it is possible to breathe now and get a seat in the bar. All the old hotels and restaurants are open, including the Riviera Palace. At the Grand the English church of St. Cyprian is at last holding its services for this season in comfort.

MENTON is about forty minutes by car from the Mont Agel course, and it only takes about twice that time by electric tram from Sospel. A local paper announced the other day that the pro., "that hardy Scotsman, Armour, is very actively sowing his greens!" The course opened formally on December 20, and is a fine test of golf, and should be almost recovered from its closure for over six years. As last year, there will be several daily services of motor-cars direct from Menton to the golf at Mont Agel. Lady Watts intends running one of her cars with her English chauffeur as last year. The Hotel Imperial always has a lot of keen golfers, and its car will be to the fore again.

Photographs *E. Navello*
WINTERING IN THE SOUTH
The Earl and Countess Mar, who are the doyens of the British colony at Monte Carlo, on their way to a concert at the Casino

CHRISTMAS should be very gay there, as last year. Already many arrivals and bookings. Sir Hugh Gwyne Levick, who is attached to the Treasury and a partner in big businesses at home and in the States, is here. Major-General Sir Percy and Lady Radcliffe are in a villa this year. The cooking at the Imperial is a long way above the average of high-class hotels. Admirals and generals galore here, fighting for the tennis courts and croquet lawns and the prettiest partners at the dances. Royalties and princes and dusky potentates are arriving by every train. Villas are everywhere very difficult to find now, and flats, too.

GRAND DUC ANDRÉ
Walking to the Casino at Monte Carlo

THE hotel season is very late, and the managers are everywhere rather piano, but, of course, they should make up at the end of the season, as Easter is a fortnight later. "Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings, an honest man the noblest work of God."

THE hotel-keepers along this coast, though occasionally princes in disguise, are, "I will maintain until my dying day, sir," among the salt of the earth, as a rule, if you treat them fairly. The verse, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," may be used of them in the good sense, with a few notable exceptions.

Throughout the season, the French Riviera and Society's doings there will be fully and intelligently dealt with by Special Correspondents at the different centres, illustrated with drawings in black and white and colour, and with topical photographs.

AU CLAIR DE LUNE

The Festive Season

BY THOMAS HENRY

THE PUP: "I wonder why master is so energetic—so early on Christmas morning, too!"

An Ersatz Christmas Tree

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

CHRISTMAS in Rhineland has been a curious festival this year. It seemed quite possible that Father Rhine, who has been doing his best with baby icebergs from the St. Gothard to turn himself into a glacier, might freeze over altogether, and that at a level as low as that of the German mark. Talking of which, by the way, Snapdragon had no terrors this Christmas for the Britishers on the Rhine who have acclimatised their fingers to flames in mark speculations—and who has not? Every new slump has been "the lowest possible—it couldn't possibly stay at"—well, 500—700—1,000 to the pound—everyone has had his own limit—and gone it. Only the Bystander in Occupation, with memories of the fortune he felt assured of when the mark fell from 50 to 72 to the pound (would anyone care for a couple of hundred poundsworth, bought at 72, going, as a sacrifice—never mind whose—at 70?) has stuck close to the editorial sterling.

THE squares were as full as usual of Christmas trees cut from the forests of the Rhine, and though prices hardly encouraged the native to have a very gay Christmas, he would not be a Rhinelander if he had not contrived a small celebration somehow or other. After all, it is his own invention, Christmas—at all events, the tree and Santa Klaus part of it. And if he could not afford even a few candles for the "Weihnachtsbaum," there was every prospect that a beneficent town council would provide him with a far more joyous spectacle.

THIS is the solemn proposal of one of his leading local papers. "For some time past our police have been posted in the same way as the British M.P.'s at main thoroughfare crossings, in order (through the arm upraising, sideways and backwards stretching) to give to approaching vehicles the sign 'all clear' or 'halt.' This arrangement is admirable by day, but becomes useless on the approach of dusk, when the point-duty police are shrouded in darkness, unless a lamp is burning immediately over their heads. We must demand of the town authorities the immediate erection of brilliant illuminants over our police on point-duty."

VERY practical, of course—Teutonically so, and a flattering tribute to British methods, but what a delightful idea is that of illuminated Prussian policemen, complete with sabre and Schnurrbart. These gentlemen will, no doubt, be delighted to stand in the lime-light, but so will the irreverent youth of Cologne to see them there. Who would stay at home to gaze at a few candles on a fir-twig, when they could see are a real live Schutzmann

"Delighted to stand in the lime-light"

standing in the glow of self-righteousness and an arc lamp going through "arm-raising, sideways and backwards stretching" (why not also—because it's Christmas—"on the hands—down!"?), at the nearest crossing?

THE scene should be capable of further development which would add to the gaiety of nations. Instead of an arc-lamp, why not fairy lamps suspended from the inevitable Kaiserlich mustachios, and a nose made to rival that of the Dong himself in luminosity? And a simple arrangement of coloured bulbs and electric switches in conjunction with the "forward, sideways and backwards stretching" would enable the Cathedral Square to rival the lighting effects of Piccadilly Circus itself.

ERIC GORDON

"Christmas in Rhineland"

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

A XMAS "WAIT" By Victor Hicks

Elizabeth's Christmas Eve

BY LESLIE M. OYLER

ELIZABETH felt apprehensive; Gerald had not come back, and for the first time doubts began to assail her. Supposing he stayed away altogether? She had always been so sure of him; they had had little differences of opinion before, he was impulsive and so was she, but never a serious quarrel. Yet, looking back, she realised that he had looked different this time. His eyes, usually so gay and smiling, had gleamed hardly, and his lips had been set in a firm line. A boy, she had often called him, but he was twenty-five, with all a man's determination, as well she knew.

She wandered to the window and looked out listlessly. The sky was grey and threatening, and a few flakes of snow were beginning to fall.

"Christmas Eve," she murmured, "surely he wouldn't be so cruel as to keep away at a season like this? If he doesn't come back——." But she put the thought from her.

"Of course he will," she told herself, confidently; "he knows I shall expect him, and, after all, if I *did* say one or two disagreeable things it was his own fault; I was in the right."

In spite of these comforting and eminently satisfactory reflections she continued to look anxiously across the frozen fields, which lay bare and desolate in the winter twilight.

By Victor Hicks

THE DICTATES OF JOY

"They've gone away for Christmas—may they never return"

"Why did I ever come here?" she burst out, suddenly, "burying myself in the country, miles from anywhere! In a town with shops and houses and people I should feel quite different. Being shut off like this has got on my nerves!"

She went back to the fire, poked it vigorously, and stood looking down at the glowing coals, her thoughts still busy with Gerald. After all, need she have been so impatient with him? She recalled his face and his last words as he turned away—"perhaps, when it's too late, you'll be sorry!"

"I shan't be sorry, I don't regret anything I've said!" she had retorted, but now, she had to confess it, she did regret—if only she had been a little more tolerant! On thinking it over she remembered how patient he had been; this was the one occasion on which he had lost his temper with her. As she sat there in the silent house she realised how much his visits had meant to her; she had taken them for granted, had so far accepted all that he brought, but this time.... The door bell pealed suddenly, and hope rushed back to her heart. She ran to answer it herself; it was Gerald; of that she felt certain. How foolish she had been to worry so needlessly!

But it was only the old country postman, standing laden with letters. Elizabeth took them from his hand, answered his Christmas greeting mechanically, and went back to the firelit room. A horrid conviction was settling upon her that Gerald didn't mean to come back; she might wait and wait, being "sorry" as he had warned her she would be.

"And the postman wished me a happy Christmas!" she thought, bitterly.

Then, when hope was almost dead, she heard Gerald's footstep up the flagged path!

"I've brought another sirloin of beef instead of the one you didn't like," he announced, "but you're the only customer who's complained of my meat."

And Elizabeth, excellent servant that she was, seized the joint with a sigh of relief. LESLIE M. OYLER

FROM OUR PESSIMIST

SIR ROBERT HORNE announces that the Treasury contains a secret exit. *Another* reason why your Income Tax is six shillings in the £!

* * *

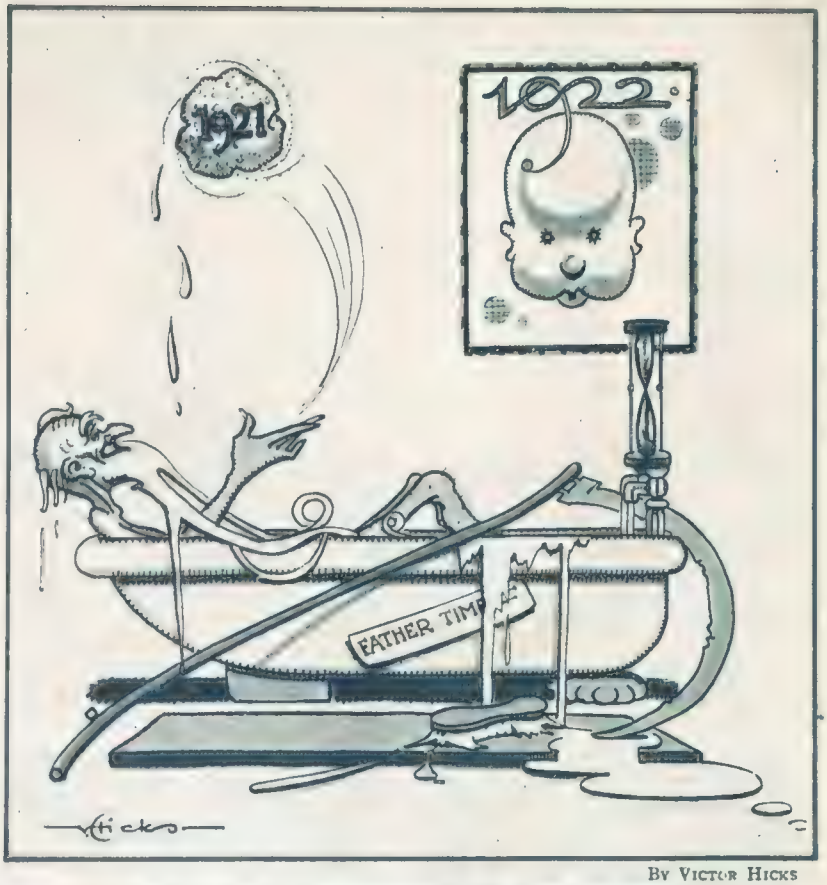
"Are We To Blame For Catching Colds?" enquires a contemporary. No; but we hate the chap who lets his go again!

* * *

"Look Both Ways. But Look Ahead," says a "Safety First" placard. If this kind of thing is to become prevalent, we're in danger of becoming a See-3 nation!

* * *

ACCORDING to Lady Astor, "the outside of the home in America may be more attractive than the outside of the home in England." Judging by the popularity of divorce in America, we are inclined to agree!



By VICTOR HICKS

HIS ANNUAL—THROWING UP THE SPONGE

"TELEPHONE Cables Underground," says a headline. Now we know where our lost calls go to!

* * *

"ROUND the edges of thesun," says the "Outline of Science," "rise great tongues of flame." If this is true, the ex-Kaiser's more than welcome to his "place" in it!

* * *

"IT is time we shook off the illusion that the reward for victory is a life of ease."—EARL HAIG. Quite so; the reward is a life of *fees*—collected by the Government!

* * *

ACCORDING to an American astronomer, life on the moon is certain. "High" life, of course?

* * *

CANON BARNES says that the "peace was, in many ways, a piece of folly." Judging by the way it scratches, it might have been a piece of holly!

* * *

A LINCOLNSHIRE farmer who sent 7,200 cabbages to Covent Garden market realised a net profit of 6*d*. In future, we hear, he is supplying cigar-makers only!

By VICTOR HICKS

SCANDAL

LORD CHARLES: "Do you believe that awful story about the Peckham-Smythes?"
LADY BETTY: "Yes, what is it?"

Far from the Madding Fog

Photograph *A. S. A.*

PICTURESQUE AND ANCIENT SOSPEL

Eleven hundred feet up behind Mentone in the beautiful Valley of the Bévéra, where the popular Mentone Golf Course is now the happy playground of those fortunate visitors to the Sunny South. The village is reached by means of one of the most wonderful electric tramway routes in the world

CASTE

A ROMANCE OF A.D. 2021 BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

"You little fool! Do you think that a man in his position, perhaps the best-paid film actor in Europe, has any intention of marrying a Duke's daughter?"

"He says that he loves me," whispered Lady Alice Jerdonym, with a distinct suspicion of a Cockney accent, "and I trust him in spite of his position."

The honest old Duke laughed scornfully, and picked up his coat from the back of a kitchen chair.

"Get to bed, you slut!" he hissed. "You're breaking your poor mother's heart. Ask her if any good ever came of listening to those plutocrats with their evening-dress and their cigarettes and their fine manners. I'm sick and tired of you and your high-flyin' ways."

In the year 2021 the United Kingdom, if it had not turned a somersault, was at least lying on one side. A constant succession of Labour governments, each vying with its predecessor in the repression and taxation of the "born rich," had resulted in a new arrangement of values in the social scale. Son of a Duke or son of a millionaire, both had suffered. It was no longer legal for a man to inherit the possessions of his father, and, save for an allowance, where necessary, for maintenance and education during childhood, no man had more money than he earned.

The result of this legislation was to send to the top of the scale those men and women whose talents were in most popular demand. The rich men of England were footballers and film actors, and in the class after these there were assembled fashionable preachers, accomplished surgeons, and imaginative *chefs*. The arts had suffered severely, as few men of taste had money, and of these scarcely any could pay high prices for a picture or a piece of sculpture. The old legitimate theatres, or "speakies," were closed down, and Shakespeare's plays were heard only on the public gramophones erected on all street refuges. No one would pay for the private use of the records, but Demos in office considered that whether the proletariat wanted Shakespeare or not it had got to have him. Novelists still existed, but people kept books on their shelves for much the same reason that we hang antlers and assegais in our halls. Actors and actresses were spoken of as we now speak of the extinct strollers, and the last dramatic critic had been securely buried in 1987.

The Duke of Account had never known what it was to be the old sort of aristocrat. Now fifty years of age, he had been born in Castle Account, but when the family stole away one night with a few heir-looms on a milk-float he was too small a child to have any prospect of remembering the splendours of the house of his birth. When he became old enough to hear stories his mother died of a broken heart in the middle of one of them, and thereafter his father would say nothing. He grew up in Coogan's Row, Shoreditch, where quite a colony of the old aristocracy had been formed, and at the age of fifteen got a job as an assistant to a chimney sweep. Now he was a fully qualified sweep himself, and had a good round bringing in about £12 a week. (Note: The pound of 2021 is equivalent to about five shillings of 1921.)

The Duke married a girl of his own class, daughter of an Earl who "worked" chestnuts in the winter and air balloons in the summer. She was practically uneducated, but had the beauty of her breeding. As her husband said at the wedding, "Coronets are more than kind hearts at the pawnbrokers." Whereat his old crony, the Earl of Magneren, then a street photographer, laughed consumedly.

The match was a happy one, and the infant Lady Mary was a joy to her parents' hearts. The Duchess, as soon as she was strong enough to work again, took the blue-eyed darling out on the end of her banana-barrow in all weathers, and so Lady Mary grew up with a remarkably fine constitution.

From the beginning she was a handful to control. With her pocket-money she would buy photographs of handsome young plutocrats, and her bedroom was lined with representations of centre-forwards, slap-stick comics, half-backs, he-vamps, three-quarters, and "boy-beauts" of the screen. Her mother's remonstrances were in vain.

"You see, Mary," the Duchess remarked, "I 'appen to know what this sort of thing leads to. The Honourable Hemily Hoorier was took like this when young, and now tell me if she 'as a 'usband. She 'asn't, but you know she 'as offspring, don't you? Very well, ain't that a warning to you?"

Lady Mary understood, but she was young enough to pretend that she did not, and continued to spend all her pocket-money writing to football and film plutocrats for autographs.

As soon as she reached a marrying age, the girl was surrounded by suitors. But Lady Mary's ideas soared above Coogan's Row with its sordid gang of Earls and Lords and Honourables. She would be a Duchess or a Countess if she must, but she knew that she was remarkably pretty and was determined not to throw herself away till at least she had been seen and rejected by the monarchs of the film and football world.

This ambition led her to the dressmaking business. It was notorious that girls exhibiting frocks to well-to-do women presented themselves frequently under the most favourable aspect to men of mighty earnings, and Lady Mary was the happiest girl in Coogan's Row when she reported to her parents that she had been engaged by Gaby, Ltd., as a mannequin at £2 (equivalent to our ten shillings) per week. The Duke and Duchess were glad she had got work, but would have preferred something

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"CASTE" (*continued*)

steadier, in domestic service, say, or in a laundry.

The one happy man in Coogan's Row when Lady Mary brought home the news was the 7th Baron Corriott, who was employed by a local firm as a taxi-driver. Although his firm's headquarters were in Shoreditch, his cab was sent to the West End to ply for hire, and he promised himself many an opportunity of giving Lady Mary a lift to her work. For Lord Corriott adored the ground upon which the beautiful Lady Mary walked, and aspired to make her his wife.

Unfortunately, he had an appalling Cockney accent, and Lady Mary, although herself not irreproachable in this regard, deeply resented his approaches. When, however, he unfolded his offer in regard to the taxi-drives she became kinder and Lord Corriott's breast became filled with a wild hope.

It was not long, however, before Lady Mary attracted the attention of one of the very heroes of her youthful worship.

Into the shop one day walked a film actor and a film actress. The actor, whose name was Sunday Smithfield, because he was born on one and in the other, was earning at the time as big a salary as anyone in his profession, having discovered a new and quaint method of shaking hands with his feet and other people's feet with his hands. He was reputed to get £80,000 a day for his work, and he only worked when the mood was upon him. On this occasion he had brought a fellow star to choose dresses for her forthcoming appearance in his company. His glance soon alighted approvingly on Lady Mary.

He waited till he was unobserved, and then put up his hands, making signs in the deaf and dumb language. Lady Mary understood him to sign "Will you meet me when you leave to-night?"

"Yes," whispered Lady Mary, blushfully, as she passed him to fetch another selection of gowns.

"What time do you leave?" his fingers quickly inquired on her return.

"Seven, Sir," she cooed, as soon as she found an opportunity.

And at seven that night she emerged from the shop to find the great man waiting!

An evening of ecstasy followed. Dinner at the most expensive hotel was followed by a visit to Sunday Smithfield's new film, entitled, "From Swipes to Champagne," and generally reputed to mark a great advance in Sunday's art. Then came a supper-dance and a drive home (almost to Shoreditch) in a car lined with ermine, fastened to the seats and walls with giant turquoises. "S.S.," the initials of the owner, were picked out in diamonds on each pane

Many such nights followed, and the Duke and Duchess were filled with a grave anxiety. Lord Corriott wept at the wheel of his cab, forgot to put down the flag, lost his owner's money and finally his job. There was woe in Coogan's Row, and the dowagers of the British peerage sniffed viciously when Lady Mary passed.

That the girl was happy goes without saying. Sunday, when she questioned him, always put up his fingers and signed "I love you," and she was grateful that she had learned the deaf and dumb language in preparation for this great day. True, he did not propose, or talk of marriage at all, but he had given her presents, taught her how to eat asparagus, and sent her to his dentist. She rightly felt that all these were encouraging portents.

In the meanwhile, Lord Corriott, driven nigh to frenzy by Lady Mary's scorn, had joined a local football club. Football was a fierce game in those days, men being killed at all the big matches. The fees paid to the gladiators were, therefore, enormous. If a slaughtered man left a widow she received a noble pension, and this soon made a good footballer a great catch in the marriage market, especially if his physique did not suggest great endurance.

Lord Corriott flung himself into football because he wished to die. Life without Lady Mary was unendurable, and to be trampled to death in one of the great rushes appealed to him as sweetly as does the *hara-kari* to the insulted native of Japan.

Because of his reckless disregard of his life Lord Corriott quickly attracted notice, and it was not long before he was invited to play for a big professional side. The wages were very high, but Lord Corriott recked nothing of money now. It was death, a nasty, messy, gory death, that he sought, and, as happens so often when we would dictate to the fates, the coveted *coup de grâce* eluded him.

One evening when Sunday Smithfield was too busily engaged to escort Lady Mary, she ran almost into the arms of the haggard ex-taxi-driver.

"Look 'ere, Lady Mary," said Lord Corriott, "this may be the last time you see me alive."

"No such luck," sighed Lady Mary.

"I've been chosen to play for England. 'Ave you 'eard that?"

"You are gettin' on!"

"Yes, I got plenty of money now. But what's that without you? Every time I go on the field I tries to get killed. D'ye 'ear that?"

"You keep it up, Corri. I shall read about it some day."

"You'll read about it to-morrow. Mary, Mary, darling, can't yer give up that dumb brute?"

For answer Lady Mary swung her open palm to his face and passed on. The 7th Baron Corriott put his hand to his smarting cheek and finally vowed to die on the morrow under the heels of the Irish forwards.

Lady Mary did not altogether dislike Lord Corriott. He had been kind to her in the matter of the taxi-drives, and now that he earned big fees she felt that she could almost overlook his manners. But the contrasting refinement of Sunday Smithfield was too much for her. Lord Corriott's Cockney accent was so very marked, whereas dear Sunday, of course, never spoke.

The dumbness of all film actors had come about by very natural causes. Many decades back it had occurred to a big star that his gestures and facial expression on the screen would be much more likely to be understood if he were forced in real life to convey his meaning entirely in dumb show. He therefore imposed a law of silence upon himself, and no matter what were his needs and his anxiety to answer a question in speech he refrained utterly from the use of his vocal chords.

Immediately his acting began to improve. No sub-titles were necessary in connection with his stories, for the people found his marvellous

(*Continued on page 740*)

A Beautiful "Fan" tasy

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MISS DINAH HARRIS

Who, with her partner, Ted Trevor, gives an exhibition dance at Ciro's and Rector's nightly. They leave shortly for that wonderful haunt of Rivieran gaiety—Ciro's, Monte Carlo

"Our Co-O

"CHEERIOH!—HAPPY

o-Optimists"

PPY NEW YEARIOH!"

BY WILMOT LUNT

"*CASTE*" (*concluded*)

pantomime quite easy to understand. Other stars followed suit, and soon the whole film world, male and female, went dumb. No vocal sound was heard in any studio save the raucous boostings of the Press agent.

In many cases the film stars actually became dumb from constant habit, and could not speak if they tried. Others who could still speak pretended they could not, lest their ability were doubted. The sons and daughters of these people were generally born dumb, and thus it came about gradually that the entire film industry was reserved for those who were affected with an inability to speak.

The law stepped in to protect these dumb people, and wisely decided to prohibit all those who could speak from acting for the film. This stopped unemployment among the dumb, who were increasing in large numbers. There was a certain amount of evasion at first, people who could speak pretending that they could not, and some cases where ambitious parents nipped off the tongues of their infants, but rigorous penalties were applied, and it soon became easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a man who could say "Boo" to a goose to get employment on the movies.

Lady Mary felt Lord Corriott's insult, therefore, most keenly. Sunday Smithfield was dumb, certainly, but that was almost an accomplishment in view of what it had led to, and "dumb brute" was about as vile a jibe as it was possible for a gutter-snipe to fling at an artist.

. . . . . .

The great football match between England and Ireland was witnessed by over two million people. It was a keen contest, and man after man was carried off the ground, dying or dead. Lord Corriott bore, as usual, a charmed life, and though he flung himself before the fiercest rushes of the iron-clad Irish it was always one of his opponents who fell in a limp heap for the undertakers with their mighty shovels to sweep away.

In the most expensive box stood Lady Mary Jerdonym at the side of Sunday Smithfield. All the great film people were together, as they alone could afford the highly priced seats. They expressed their excitement over the play by much wagging of their fingers and slappings upon one another's backs

Sunday Smithfield, who, of course knew nothing of the connection between Lady Mary and Lord Corriott, showed himself a keen admirer of the latter's play. The girl nodded her agreement, but watched Lord Corriott with a curling lip. He was undoubtedly very brave, but he had insulted her lover and she would like to see him hurt, if not actually killed.

But killed Lord Corriott was not. It so happened that, greatly to his disappointment, he was the only original player to survive the game. Each man on either side, with the exception of him, had been replaced, and England had won the tussle by 27 murders and 10 mangles to 22 murders and 9 cases of muscular paralysis, the latter being a speciality of the Irish attack.

How the crowd cheered, that is to say, in all but the boxes occupied by the film stars. When Lord Corriott walked towards the dressing-room, carrying his blood-stained helmet, it would seem that all the thunder of the world's history had been recalled to boom in his honour.

Now he passes the film star's box. He looks up at Lady Mary. She evades his gaze.

But Sunday Smithfield leans over, his face glowing with excitement.

"Jolly well played, sir!" he shouts. . . . *He shouts!* With his voice he shouts it!

For one awful moment the film stars who surround Sunday are immovable. Then, like one man or one woman, they throw up their fingers and commence to ejaculate.

Sunday Smithfield is a swindler! Sunday Smithfield isn't dumb! Stop him, you fool of a policeman. Stop him there, we say. Into gaol with him! Look, he is leaping that barrier—diving into the great crowd. After him! Sunday Smithfield, the great star, is an artist by false pretences. After him! Trample upon him! The threshold of the temple of art has been profaned—nay, the very sanctuary! After him! Hound him down! . . .

And so passed poor Sunday Smithfield. He had played his game cleverly, managed a deception that no one living in these days believed credible, but he had met his defeat. And how? In a moment of excitement at a mere football match.

. . . . . .

At the back of the grand stand Lord Corriott removed his steel-plated jerkin, shook the horse-shoes from his football gloves, and presently held Lady Mary Jerdonym to his breast.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

By VICTOR HICKS

"PUT AND TAKE"

The most popular game of the season

The Call of the Snow

Photograph *H. W. Nichols*

THE VAN-GUARD

Of a ski-ing party near Chamonix, and in the distance the slopes of Mont Blanc. Here in London now, with our muddy streets and grey days, the call of the snow is very insistent

M. DUPONT IN

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

MES AMIS—

ONE has observed that there is the similar discrepancy in the pronouncements of the revisitors as there has been in those of the residents on the eternal question of whether Paris has recovered herself again. Among those who have returned to have the look there is about the 50 per cent. which has had the disappointment and the other 50 per cent. which has discovered that everything is well. So one is still in the position to have the problem both the ways. It is a matter which has become again of the import because of the festivities of the Eve of Christmas and New Year. One has had the wish that after the three years of the Peace of Depression the *Réveillon* of this time shall be made in the old, old spirit as a preliminary to an era of the recovery of joy. One has expressed the belief that if all the parties of the Eve of Christmas and New Year are able to be propelled to the heights of the *gaieté absolue*, and at the moment to attain the pinnacle, all of the party-makers shall be persuaded to make the resolution that they shall maintain the similar high spirits through the whole of the year, the resolution to rejoice will become an affair of the honour about which there shall not be the default. There is not, surely, anyone who is unable to have the sympathy with the such aspirations. One has not the anticipation—nor, *en effet*, the desire—that the exuberances of the Eve of Christmas shall be repeated in the *vie ordinaire*, for such would entail the too great disturbances.

"The sorrowful eyes of the silver-haired sommelier"

"Conduct the orchestra from the top of the piano"

IT should not be, perhaps, pleasant to see always a fashionable conduct the orchestras of the restaurants from the top of the piano as one has witnessed at a café in the Avenue de l'Opéra. Nor should it be advisable to have *chaque soirée* the repetition of the scenes at the lively Café d'Harcourt, where the merriment has become so high at the last *Réveillon* that the charmers of the Quartier have danced deliriously on the tops of the tables. But there is ever the habitude to weaken a little on the resolutions of the New Year, which shall allow the margin for the disappearance of the excesses, while to retain the essential of the *joie de vivre*. *Bien entendu*, it is not certain that the atmosphere which is necessary shall be attained, for at the last year there have been the parties of *Réveillon* which have not been able to emerge from the complete gloom. But this time there is to be the more valiant efforts. One is *entrain* to compose the band of the *optimistes* who must swear the pledge to infuse the gaiety into the most surliest assembly of the *troubles-fêtes*.

AND one is able to feel that there is to the count of the *optimistes* a certain number of the factors which do offer the possibility of the most substantial aid. There is, pre-eminently, the proud promise that one is to be taught again the art to eat. It has been for a long time that one has lost all the reverence which has surrounded, in the more spacious and the more tranquil days, the grave question of *savoir manger*. Except in the cloistral seclusion of the Tour d'Argent, beyond the towers of Notre Dame, where I have always found it to be impossible to eat the pressed duck or the fish *soufflet* of tradition without to feel the awe; while to be flippant, or familiar, after to sip the aged Romanee

IN SEARCH OF GAY PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

CAN you tell me if there is one who would not be jolly when to drink the divine draughts from the depths of a jeroboam? *Pas possible.* Should it be but for the rediscovery of the jaunty jeroboam the disciples of Brillat-Savarin would have done doughtily towards the revival of

"The charmers of the Quartier have danced deliriously on the tops of the tables"

has been to feel condemned to perdition in the sorrowful eyes of the silver-haired *sommelier,* who has mounted his imperial purple from the cob-webbed treasure-cave. But now one has the intention to disseminate among the whole of the restaurants of France the precepts of the *savoir manger.* The Sage of Belley, Brillat-Savarin, is to preside in spirit at all the tables of the land. Instead of to inflict the damage upon the digestion,and to confound the conversation, by the consumption of the cantankerous *côtelette* or the stubborn steak, one shall reflectively savour the delicacies *à la mode de Bugey*—where not anyone is ever pressed for the time. And in place of to imbibe the bubbles from the magnums one shall wash down the royal *repas* with the copious libations from the jeroboams.

"Ladies have protested"

the revelry. But this is merely one little item of the gospel of good eating which they seek to propound. They have the supreme design to make the art to eat an art which shall be complete in itself. They wish that to eat shall no longer be the corporeal accompaniment of the ethereal dance or the *passe-temps* in the silences of the band to jazz. There will not be the accomplishment of their determinations until they have created again the race of epicures, which has almost vanished in the haste of the times *trop modernes.* To eat, to drink, and to be merry is most clearly a bond of union for the two contingents of the campaigners.

THERE has been the black spot at the first in the complaint of the ladies that they have been left out of the *festins.* It is, of course, a fact that not anyone has heard of a lady epicure, and so the organisers of the ritualistic feasts have confined the invitations to the Cabinet Ministers, and the poets, and the hotel managers. But now that the ladies have protested that they have so fine a taste in the hall to banquet as they have in the kitchen, it is anticipated that it shall be recognised there is no barrier of the sex. It shall be possible, perhaps, to make the week of Brillat-Savarin into a permanency, which shall give the ladies the opportunity to participate in all the masterpieces of the *cuisine* which shall be devised or revived. It should be indeed unwise when one is on the quest to revive the gaiety, to leave out the lighter sex from the share in the revival of the art of *savoir manger.* There is the great need of the *atmosphere spirituelle,* and there could but be a lack if the dining "drive" should be confined to the more morose male.

ROLAND

WHEN a serious subject like Modern British Fiction, or the Younger School of Novelists, or Literary Tendencies of the Twentieth Century, is being discussed in a serious essay, you will generally find that the name of Frank Swinnerton has crept in amongst such authors as are mentioned. He owes his place to fine craftsmanship, a very keen and correct eye for detail and a sense of dynamics. You know that his characters, whoever they are, will engulf you: they will be real people, "ordinary" more often than not, and shown just as they are. *Coquette* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a very good specimen of Mr. Swinnerton's work. Its title gives a wrong impression, but no matter. The story is gloomy throughout, and ends on a note of appalling tragedy: never mind. *Coquette* is a book to read.

⁂

IT is the story of a girl of the people called Sally Minto. There must be hundreds of girls like her. She has everything against her in the battle of life. She is not pretty; her early surroundings are slummy; she comes of a family which does not get too much to eat. But Sally is determined to overcome all obstacles. She is a clever dressmaker, and not afraid to work hard. When young Toby appears on the scene as a fellow-lodger, she determines to have him for a lover, and have him she does. When she daringly goes to the West End in search of a job from Madame Gala, that admirable dressmaker engages her. When, at a later date, she is determined to marry the dressmaker's neurotic son for his money, marry him she does. In no sense is she what you would call "a really nice woman." In fact, she is distinctly horrid, and it must be laid to Mr. Swinnerton's credit that you feel a queer sympathy for her throughout the book. The end, of course, was always inevitable. You cannot have a lover like Toby and then marry somebody else without finding trouble. The book is grim but not grimy, and it is written with a stark sincerity which will bring it success.

⁂

A BUSINESS romance of the first water is provided by the career of the late John Mackintosh, the "Toffy King," as he was not unreasonably called. In *John Mackintosh: A Biography* (Hodder and Stoughton: 4*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. George W. Crutchley tells the life-story of a man who, beginning at the time of his marriage in 1890 with a small confectioner's shop in Halifax, was able, by hard work, absolute honesty, and judicious advertising, to build up a world-famous business which now employs a capital of three-quarters of a million. Mr. Crutchley has a story to tell which fills you at once with wonder and a calm satisfaction. So it is still possible, in these modern days of ours, for a small man to become great! But, of course, the small man must be exceptional. Mackintosh was very exceptional indeed. He was a man with a multitude of friends, a man to whom success brought happiness, but also an ever-in-creasing round of duties, religious and municipal as well as commercial. The hero of Mr. Crutchley's book emerges as the Happy Warrior, about whom a far larger public than his personal friends and business acquaintances will desire to read.

⁂

ONE of the most interesting and intriguing contributions to English history is Mr. Frederick Chamberlain's recently published *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth* (Lane: 18*s.* net). It is one of the most outspoken books ever written, and some of the older historians — notably Lingard — receive short shift. Mr. Chamberlain is at pains to show not only that Elizabeth was one of the greatest women in all history, in spite of the most terrible handicap in the way of wretched health, but also that she was very far from being the immoral and pleasure-mad monarch, which even a number of her contemporaries thought her to be. It is possible that on certain points he allows himself to make too much of the evidence in favour of his case. It may be that he surmounts one or two difficulties with an ease which would not satisfy everyone of His Majesty's Judges; but that is a matter which detracts not at all from the interest of his book. Incidentally, Leicester takes on a new character, and when the promised life of that statesman is published it may be that all future historians will be deeply indebted to Mr. Chamberlain for his researches. In any case, you should on no account miss this fresh examination of one of the most baffling personalities in history.

R S

BY MARGARET BUTCHER

"MANY THANKS"

The Victory Supreme

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

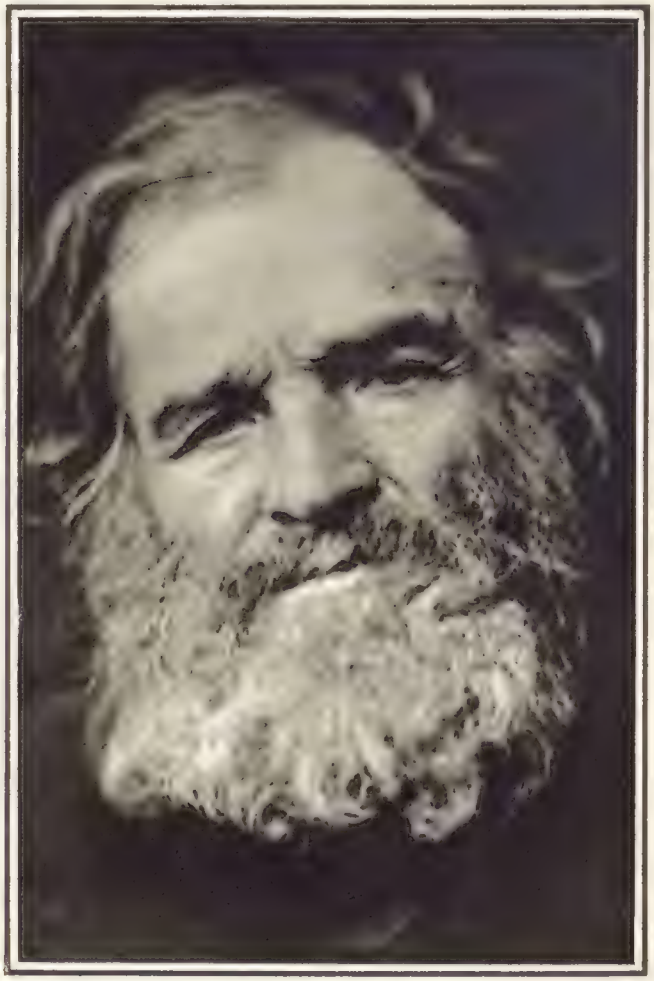
"FROM BRAILLE TO EVERLASTING GRANITE"

THE BOTTLE MERCHANT

The Art of the Camera

At first glance these three studies of men, across whose faces time has seared the tale of their joys and woes, would appear to be the work of a clever portrait engraver. Yet they are photographs, camera studies of those creatures whose souls have gained comparative content unfretted by the urge of ambition—ignored by success. In Mr. E. O. Hoppé's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery next week, he has included these among many other clever photographic studies. The three heads have almost the quality of a rich mezzotint, and are incontrovertible evidence of the great advance photography has made within late years.

A JEWISH VAGABOND



THE DRAWING MASTER

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

MISS IRIS HOEY must have been at considerable pains to try and make herself appear a plain-looking young lady, and in the first act of this play she comes perilously near that disastrous consummation. Miss Hoey is the Robina Fleming of the play, a writer of what she calls "slush" for the popular Press. She has been so much occupied with her work these last ten years that she finds herself at the age of thirty—or, rather, twenty-nine, as they usually say—pining for the romance that has never come her way. Considering that she wears her hair brushed tightly back on her crown, wears spectacles, and a blouse and skirt of some dull brown colour, and looks generally as if she were coming unstuck, it is not surprising to hear that there has been no rush among the sterner sex to breathe words of love in her tiny shell-like ear.

MISS HOEY is not at all kind to herself during this act. Not content with having made her appearance entirely unattractive, she adopts mannish poses most of the time. Her favourite attitude is to stand with her shoulders hunched and her feet apart, and her hands thrust deeply into what correspond to trousers pockets in the male of our species. I should be inclined to doubt whether this is a really true portrait of the lady journalist of to-day. I have the honour of the acquaintance of several of my sister journalists, and I usually meet them, for the most part, rather elaborately attired than otherwise. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that

IRIS HOEY AS ROBINA FLEMING

some of them must have saved their money very carefully, and for a very long while, to have been able to afford the apparently costly furs that are flung across their fair shoulders as they trip lightly about the vicinity of Fleet Street. Miss Hoey may contend that she is trying to represent the class of worker who takes work as a deadly serious duty; and my acquaintance with such people to-day is unfortunately too limited to enable me to dispute the claim.

THE argument of the author, "George Paston," is that in their love affairs most men run after the smartly-dressed woman, leaving the dowdy ones severely alone, even though these latter may have qualities of heart and head that are superior to those of their daintier rivals. "George Paston" is a name that hides the identity of a brilliant lady who may, for all I know to the contrary, be talking from experience. I am myself a child in these matters. But I may at least place on record the fact that a man I once heard of proposed marriage to a lady because at one of their interviews he accidentally caught a fugitive glimpse of her red flannel petticoat. This revelation seemed to him proof strong as Holy Writ that the lady was highly domesticated and of impregnable virtue, and, being a middle-aged man himself, he asked for no higher qualities in a wife than these. Having postulated her theorem, "George Paston" sets out to establish it by ocular demonstration. Men who call on Robina Fleming at her dreary rooms in Bloomsbury have nothing to say to her outside the strictly business purpose of the meeting. One middle-aged man, indeed, Colonel Brereton, who calls at the rooms in the course of his pursuit of another and more stylish lady, winces at the very sight of Robina, as if her slipshod appearance gave him a pain in the neck.

THEN Mrs. Desmond intervenes. Robina has saved a little money, and she wants to live the real life for her little hour. She wants to be able to attract men by her beauty and charm, and to have some likely young man give her his personal assurance that she is the only girl in the world for him. Mrs. Desmond argues that it is all a matter of clothes. Robina has saved three hundred pounds, and it appears that for this sum you can get quite an extensive feminine outfit, even including the esoteric details that are all but mentioned by name in this play.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

THE DEMON KING

A study of Mr. Stowitts, who is appearing as the Demon King in the "Babes of the Wood" at the New Oxford Theatre. He was Pavlova's partner for some time, and has inspired some of the beautiful productions which she has given during recent years

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

And lo! the event proves the argument. At a riverside house, Robina, expensively and tastefully attired, is as the candle to the moth. Young men tumble over each other in order to lay their hearts at her feet, while Colonel Brereton rushes, as it were, into the breach with what Robina, in commercial language, calls a "firm offer" of marriage. Robina asks him to call upon her at her Bloomsbury rooms on the morrow to receive her answer. Before his arrival she discards the gay trappings of the butterfly, and is once more the dowdy and bespectacled denizen of Grub Street. And though the gallant Colonel manfully repeats his proposal and is ready to stand by it, he gives a sigh of relief on being totally rejected. The Colonel is represented with a graceful humour by Mr. C. V. France, whose love-making is both delicate and convincing.

BACK in her library, Robina seeks to undo a little of the mischief that her dainty frocks and shoes have wrought among the hearts of men. There is one young man, Claude Goring, an artist, who comes to tell Robina in the first act that he has found the only girl at last; and he brings the goods with him as a guarantee of the high quality claimed.

IN the second act Claude (admirably played by Mr. Leslie Banks) is dazzled by Robina's sudden outbreak of spectacular beauty, and begs her to believe that he has never really loved until now. In the third act, therefore, it is Robina's duty to bring Claude and his girl together again; and this she does, while cautioning the girl that though the artist is a good fellow he is bound to be a little unreliable because of his calling. I thought this little slap at artists extremely rich, though, of course, I mention no names.

IN the last act Robina finds the happy mean between two extremes. There is a man, Dr. Lomax, who, in addition to being her medical attendant, is her guide, philosopher, and friend. It is he who advises her in the first act to take a holiday. It is he who, finding her a smartly dressed and accomplished flirt in the second act, practically accuses her of obtaining admiration under false pretences; and it is he who, in the third act, criticises her "gummy" appearance when she comes back to earth.

THEREFORE, during his temporary absence from the room, Robina changes the frock and the fashion of her hair, so that she becomes attractive without being extravagantly so. Whether it will be held that "George Paston" has proved her case or otherwise, matters, I think, very little. Miss Iris Hoey carries upon her shoulders the burden of the play with a versatility that is as delightful as it is amazing. She proves herself here to be a comedy actress of very high quality and very wide resource. The play itself is well-equipped with bright and playful dialogue, and for the greater part of the time there is a constant ripple of laughter through the house. The difficult and rather improbable part of Dr. Lomax is taken with distinction by Mr. Clive Brook, while Miss Ethel Coleridge represents delightfully a Bloomsbury landlady of the "priceless" type. Altogether a most enjoyable production. JINGLE

"A Band of Hope"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

GENTLEMAN ON BALCONY *(to "waits")*: "I say, would you mind playing it a bit faster? We're trying to dance"

IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"A Happy New Year"

LONDON, *December* 22

DEAR COUSIN—

I SUPPOSE it's A Happy New Year this time, what? Anyway, next Sunday as ever is appears to be, by all the reckonings, the positively very first day of 1922—so here's to you and to it, and all the best of the best, and may your shadow (or your dress bills) never grow . . . greater!

THOUGHT of your New Year resolutions yet, by the way? Can't be too early with these really serious matters, can you? I've got simply heaps and lots of 'em, all ready for the . . . where *do* they put them? Seem to remember hearing something about them coming in handy for paving some odd corners or other in a warmish place—but am quite sure that wouldn't anyway apply to *mine*.

THEY'RE such *really* good ones. Such as not ever to buy a new hat again—or, anyway, not for ever and ever so long . . . say, till the January sales. Or to stay in bed more than an hour after I'm called, even on the wintryest of wintry days. And—besides lots of mere ordinary ones—never to go again to a fancy dress ball (have just had *three*) without a real, pukka fancy dress of my own. Because (for one thing) it does somehow make such a difference in the way you feel about it all.

I MEAN, *all* dances, of course, are delightful and the most fascinating things in the world, and all that sort of thing. And I don't mind in the least, myself, really, gliding along even in the most blameless and respectable (which generally also means dullish) company, complete with white gloves and all, as long as my partner can dance, and the floor's decent, and the band not too unbearably loud and prominent. As it has *rather* a way of being, I'm afraid, in the titled, but rather tiny, drawing-rooms wherein have been held lately charity dances so numerous that they must have covered simply multitudes and bultitudes, and millions and billions of sins.

BUT—*but*, of course, there are degrees. And no sort of dance really, I do believe, is so utterly and completely to be enjoyed as a proper fancy dress one. Would be rather lovely, really, if we could only spend all our lives in fancy dress, what? Dance all the time and drink champagne and hold hands and kiss and never go home . . .? Till . . .? Yes, I'm afraid the answer cometh in the morning. Just about 8.30 a.m. after a Garden Party Ball, or whatnot, for instance, when a clear and severe and bracing sun is shining over a lovely wintry landscape, and the spirit positively crieth out for a glorious game of golf or something, but the flesh (owing to last night's dissipations) is much too lamentably weak for anything but a lazy lounge before the fire.

'Complete with white gloves"

THE moral-whereof being . . .? Oh, well, don't let's bother about *that*, anyway, my dear cousin. Life's *much* too big and glorious and wonderful and full of all sorts of happenings to worry over whys and wherefores, and, all the rest of it, *n'est-ce-pas*? Can't help thinking, you know, that the people who trouble themselves (and others) the whole time about little rights and wrongs,

and whether anybody's morally justified in having a really good time, are . . . well . . . do they really matter at all?

卐 卐

Not at this festal season, anyway, methinks—which, after all, doesn't really come to an end, does it, till we've duly and properly seen the New Year in? Which one can hardly help doing, these days, especially with such revels as the Hyde Park Hotel are giving—where there's going to be a wonderful time both for children and grown-ups.

卐 卐

Though, I must confess, have rather a sort of (sneaking and apologetic) preference myself on these occasions for gathering round the quiet (but not *too* quiet) little inglenook of one's own home, if any. Don't mean a family party in the old-fashioned sense, though, not by no means. Can't imagine anything *much* more frightful than those conglomerations of relations that people used to think it their duty to collect round them at their Christmas parties, just because they were relations. Horrid *stuffy* idea!

"8.30 a.m. but the flesh is lamentably weak"

卐 卐

No, what I mean is, when you've been dining, dancing, and theatre-ing and supping out just about every night, as one has, this busiest and brightest of winter seasons, rather a relief, really, to seize on the excuse of Christmas or New Year, or whatever it is, for refusing to go out, and just have the right kind of little party at home. A few friends, all the ones you really want and none of the ones you feel you ought to ask, and *no* sort of set programme for amusing yourselves.

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Somehow something always seems to turn up. One *might* even conceivably do a thing it's quite impossible to achieve in crowded restaurants and places, and—talk! Really talk, I mean, quite irresponsibly, about the things that matter—not in the disjointed restaurant sort of way or the even more (much more) painful highbrow style that they've just started a special "*salon*" or something to encourage.

卐 卐

Revival of the art of conversation, I think they call it. Which means, I suppose, that everybody comes along packed and primed up with all sorts of brilliant remarks and epigrams (mostly about themselves), and gets them off their chest, somehow, anyhow, without listening to anyone else. Have been to just one or two "literary reunions" lately (never again) . . . so I know.

卐 卐

Must quite honestly and candidly admit (and I don't care if it snows) that (1) I thoroughly enjoy the highbrow talk, if it's of the proper Nevinson-*cum*-George-*cum*-Sheila-*cum*-May S. kind, and (2) it's a simply fearful relief to wander on afterwards to mere utter inanities (as some might call it) of, p'raps, futile, but entirely delightful, shows like *Fun of the Fayre* at the Pav.

卐 卐

Merely to hear Alf Lester, f'r instance, recite "Don't come down the ladder, granny—we've taken it away," or Clifton Webb and June joyfully sing (and dance) about "Whose Baby Are You?" is enough to make one realise that life, or, at any rate, that particular evening of it, is not only not wasted, but rather more than usually profitably spent—what?

卐 卐

And (apropos of nothing) d'you know what's right at the back of my mind all this time, just at this "turn of the year," after all the joys and turmoils of Town?

London streets are gold—
Ah, give me leaves a-glinting
Midst grey dykes and hedges
In the winter sun!
London water's wine,
Poured out for all unstinting—
God! for the little brooks
That tumble as they run!

Somehow, Christmastime does make one rather long for the country. And its simple joys and pleasures and all that sort of thing, don't you know? But it soon passes off!

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

"I've got simply lots of New Year resolutions"

Photograph AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COTTESMORE MOVING OFF TO A NEW COVERT AFTER DRAWING

HUNTING NOTES

BY A. W. COATEN

Varying Luck

"You never know your luck" might well be said of many hunting experiences this season. A visitor to the Shires met the Cottesmore at Sowerby recently, and was properly disgusted with his day. Hounds drew a succession of famous coverts, only to find them blank. Eventually they did put a fox on his legs, but there was no scent to hunt him with. Another find had a similarly disappointing result. The whole outing was a dire failure. Two days later the same visitor threw in his lot with the Fernie at Shearsby, ruefully fearing the worst. But he was in real luck this time. There was not only a straight-necked fox awaiting hounds, but a serving scent. The issue was delightful.

In Clover

Our friend found himself in clover, and had the satisfaction of seeing a good deal of the best hunt in High Leicestershire so far this season. He was able to understand how Arthur Thatcher acquired his high reputation and why that huntsman, although something of a veteran now, is still rightfully regarded as one of the leaders of his profession. For when scent slackened and hounds were inclined to throw up their heads, the huntsman cleverly put them going again. The hunt started at Gilmorton, and ended with a kill at Stonton, having lasted two and a half hours.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

LADY HONOR WARD

An excellent snapshot of Lady Honor Ward, the eldest daughter of Earl Dudley, who is one of the keenest followers of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt

A Big Point

I have not verified the point by the map, but it is said that it measured no less than fifteen miles. This stamps it as an exceptional run, and the joint Masters, Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Faber, together with their huntsman, are to be congratulated upon the achievement. Without instituting odious comparisons, I think it can reasonably be said that the honours of the season in the Shires up to Christmas belong to the Fernie. This is significant in view of the successes which the kennel gained last summer at the Peterborough Hound Show, where it captured the champion cup for the best dog-hound with Conqueror.

Show Hounds

Some people affect to disparage Peterborough winners, but Mr. Austin Mackenzie is right in declaring that it is entirely imaginary to suppose that hounds are bred for show. If they are immaculate enough in make and shape to win prizes at Peterborough, well and good. But the huntsman wants them for their working qualities and not merely for their attractiveness from the Peterborough standpoint. Arising out of an interesting hound-breeding controversy it has been suggested that sport with hounds is not so good as it was. It is said that the number of foxes killed by hounds

W. A. Rouch

BURROUGH WOOD LAST WEEK

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

AT THE MEET OF THE COTTESMORE

Mrs. Baird of Elie, chatting with Major Higson at last week's meet at Sowerby, near Oakham. The Master, Mr. James Baird, is seen behind

compares unfavourably at the present time with the "good old days."

Has Sport Declined?

EVEN Lord Charles Bentinck, no *laudator temporis acti*, does not attempt to refute the assertion that sport is not so good as it was some years ago. Now, I believe that those who declare that hounds killed more foxes in former times than they do now would find it difficult to prove the truth of their statement. I happen to have by me some foxhunting records of forty years ago, and I have compared them with the returns of the past season.

As Good as Ever

THERE is certainly nothing to show that hounds were more deadly in those days, in fact, I go so far as to assert that last season (in which it was generally complained that hounds could not kill their foxes) more were brought to hand than was the case in a corresponding number of hunting days four decades ago. The Duke of Beaufort told me some time since that he does not see much difference in the sport of to-day compared with that which he saw when a young man, though there are admittedly several sound reasons why hunting should have declined.

Keeping Young

THERE is undoubtedly something in foxhunting which helps to keep many a man young. Long after they have passed the span of "three score and ten" plenty of men resolutely decline to admit that they are too old for hunting. The undefeatable Mr. E. C. Clayton, of Cottesmore Grange, Oakham, is a remarkable case in point. He was born in the year when Queen Victoria came to the throne, yet you will still see him jogging to the meets of the Cottesmore, what is more, seeing plenty of the subsequent sport.

Notable Records

I THINK our oldest M.F.H. is Mr. T. R. Bolitho, who first became Master of his Cornish pack as far back as 1864. That may strike you as being a record Mastership, but it isn't. The late Lord Portman hunted his Dorset pack for sixty-one seasons. This was two years longer than Mr. Robert Watson's term of office in the Carlow country. Mr. T. C. Garth hunted hounds for a mere matter of half-a-century. All these were outdone by Mr. John Crozier, who was Master of the Blencathra Hounds in their mountain country for sixty-four years without a break. Wonderful men, these veteran foxhunters!

A. W. C.

Photograph *Blanche Milligan*

CELEBRITIES OF THE ALBRIGHTON HUNT

A bystander's snapshot of some well-known members of the Albrighton at a meet held at Pendeford Hall, Wolverhampton, the seat of Lieut.-Colonel Fowler-Butler. From left to right: Mr. E. Podmore, a late Master of the Vine F.H., Colonel Gosset Mayall, a former Master of the Albrighton, Mr. G. Thorneycroft, Mr. Sam Loveridge, and Major Carr, a joint Master of the pack

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Touch Wood!

FOLLOWERS of National Hunt racing have been in luck with the weather so far; not a day lost by frost or fog since the "flat" ended. But touch wood—we may yet have some nasty breaks. On the whole, the racing has maintained a fair level of interest. It will, however, be much better in the New Year, especially in February and the first three weeks of March. Then there will be plenty of stakes well worth winning, and horses which have been "qualifying" during the past six weeks will be showing very different form.

Photograph] THE HALDON HARRIERS [*Sport and General*

After meeting near Newton Abbot, the Haldon Harriers had a good sharp run, resulting in an early kill

"Qualifying"

"AND what," the unsophisticated reader will ask, "is 'qualifying'?" I am afraid it is a part of the game of racing of which we see a great deal too much during the winter. It seems to be accepted by some of our trainers that a horse may properly complete his education on the racecourse instead of at home, and as the authorities take no notice of the practice I suppose it is all right. You see a horse figure inconspicuously in a steeplechase in one week, nobody having a bob on him, yet a week later he will win a race with odds laid on him. Fortunately, our handicappers are wide-awake and not to be easily deceived, while at the meetings the majority of backers who know the ropes only touch those horses for which there is obvious stable support. And so very few people come to much harm by these winter qualifying tactics. But it certainly is an entertaining business to any observer inclined towards cynicism.

Newcomers

AT this period of the season we usually have new shining lights among the hurdle races to admire. Not many real cracks have appeared so far among the young performers over the hurdles. The best of them, presumably, is Senhora, but she isn't exactly a novice, as she was schooled and ran over hurdles last winter. I thought her stable companion, Euphrosynus, was going to turn out a clipper at the jumping game, for he is of the right make and shape, but his failure to beat Wild Honey at Lingfield was distinctly disappointing. The pick of the three-year-olds, I suppose, is Old Times, whose rather camel-like conformation does not prevent him from getting smartly over the sticks.

BY "THE TOUT"

MR. W. PARRISH

Who is an ardent supporter of racing under National Hunt rules, and a bold and fearless speculator. He also races extensively in Ireland, and his horses are trained by Captain D. Rogers

Service Kit

OLD TIMES is hardly likely to remain the champion of Coulthwaite's stable if Service Kit fulfils expectations. I always consider that a strong horse who can win the Stewards' Cup is an ideal sort to put to hurdle racing. Over two miles on the flat Service Kit would not have a dog's chance of beating Harrier in a fairly run race, but put the two at the same distance with eight flights of hurdles to jump, and which would you back? Personally, with equal jumping ability, I should expect Service Kit to win.

Likely Youngsters

HERBERT LINES has done well with Wild Honey over the hurdles, but I suppose that Bumble Bee is regarded as the crack of the stable. Everybody predicted a brilliant three-year-old career for this gelding on the flat, but after starting well he appeared to go all to pieces. He is, however, a likely customer to make a really smart hurdler. Another disappointing young horse last season was Poiret, who would have done much better if he had not developed a will of his own. This sort usually make good over hurdles, and I daresay we shall see Poiret winning races this winter.

Coming Events

WE shall have a good meeting at Newbury at the end of the week. I expect **Southern Gleam** to make amends for recent failures in the Reading Steeplechase on the opening day, and **Senhora** may continue her successful record in the Berkshire Hurdle Race on Saturday. At Manchester on Monday **Silver Ring,** for all his weight, may win the Victory Steeplechase, and I have a fancy for **Manrico** in the Victory Hurdle Race.

After the Ball: The East Essex Take the Field After "Taking the Floor" All Night

AT THE MEET

Some followers of the East Essex at Cressing, near Witham, at the meet following a big ball. From left to right: Captain Round, Mrs. Round, Mrs. Parker, Miss Gilbey, Mrs. Hill, the wife of the Master, and Mr. Tretton

Photographs THE MORNING AFTER . . . *Photo Press*

Mr. Harcourt Gold, the Secretary of the East Essex, who is so well known in the rowing world, recently gave a dance for his daughter, Miss Joyce Gold, on her coming of age, and most of the Hunt were present. From left to right will be recognised: Captain Round, Mr. Hill, Junr., Mr. Harcourt Gold and Mr. Hill the Master

Photograph *Sport and General*

F. HODGE AND R. DU ROVERAY

Winners of the Men's Doubles at the North London Badminton Championships at St. Albans. Hodge (left) is the coming man of the game; he also won the Singles, beating a champion player, who was playing under an assumed name, on his way to the final

ENGLAND v. THE SOUTH AT BRISTOL

In the second of the English International Rugby Trials England beat the South by 29 points to 14. The left-hand picture shows H. G. Periton (forward) gaining England's third try. The referee, it will be noted, is well up with the game, and on his left is L. G. Brown, the leader of the English forwards.

SPORTS &

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The England Fifteen

FOR the final Trial between England and the Rest on January 7 the England side is practically the same as that which beat the South on December 17, except that the substitutes have given way to those who were originally chosen, but were unable to play. The policy of making as few changes as possible in a side which has justified its existence is a sound one, although the selectors are doubtless wishing that their choices had been more highly tried. The North match was quite one sided, and if the South match was not easily won it was at any rate won by a fairly convincing majority of points.

A Harmonious Side

ENGLAND owed their superiority over the South to the thing that the Selectors have always been aiming at—cohesion. Most of the forwards, the two halves and the centres have now played together so often that they are as familiar with each other's methods as a well-organised Club side, and there is nothing that makes so much for confidence and efficiency. If the side were less harmonious some of the things that it does would be distinctly risky, but they are not, because every man knows pretty well what his colleagues are capable of. There were some undeniably fine players on the South side, and some of them will get their caps before they are very much older, but they did not work together as well as the England team, and when you are up against such a pair of half-backs as Davies and Kershaw your team work has got to be well-nigh perfect.

The Old Way and the New

IN the old days in a Trial match if one side had gained a substantial lead at half time it was often the practice to change over two or three players on the two sides with a view to making the rest of the game more even. I have little doubt that if Kershaw and Davies had changed over to the South side at half time on the 17th, England would have not been 15 points up at the finish. They might even have been a few points down. But what would that have proved beyond what we already know—that Kershaw and Davies can make a bigger difference to a side than any other two men at present playing? The present day plan of giving your "probables" as much practice together as you possibly can is infinitely preferable.

Leave Well Alone

I HAVE heard a doubt expressed as to whether some of the older men are capable of lasting right through a really gruelling match. There were indications of tiredness on the part of one or two of them in the South match, but it is at least open to question whether this was real tiredness. When a side has established such a comfortable lead that the chances of its being beaten in the time that remains are practically *nil* it is very apt to ease up almost unconsciously. I have little doubt that some of the men who appeared to have had enough of it during the last ten minutes or so on the 17th would have been quite capable of a supreme effort if the state of the game had called for one. The conclusion, in fact, to be drawn from the South match is,

Photograph *Topical*

"PHILOMEL'S" FOOTBALLERS IN NEW ZEALAND

The Falcon Cup, the second biggest "Soccer" trophy in New Zealand, was won by the team of H.M.S. "Philomel," who beat the Northcote team, after several replays, by four goals to one. Commander Walsh is in the centre of the group. Holding the Cup is the Captain of the side, Stoker Corbitt, and the man with the ball is Telegraphist Hooper, who scored three of the four goals

HOW TWO OF THE TRIES WERE GAINED

who, as usual, is there or thereabouts. In the right-hand picture W. W. Wakefield, of Cambridge and the R.A.F., one of the finest forwards in the three unions, is on the point of scoring England's fifth try

PASTIMES

to my way of thinking, that the selectors have done the right thing in leaving well alone.

HOCKEY

Seven Yards for Five

I HAD a chat the other day with a Hockey umpire of considerable experience, and he tells me that we are unlikely to hear very much more of the proposal to substitute a hit-in for a roll-in from touch. This bears out the opinion I have already expressed, on my own account, in THE BYSTANDER. He tells me, on the other hand, that he has "assisted" at matches in which a seven yards line has been substituted for the existing five yards line and that this is such a manifest improvement that he hopes to see it adopted as soon as possible. Not only does it prevent the ball from coming back again into touch so often, but it does away to a very large extent with bunching and crowding.

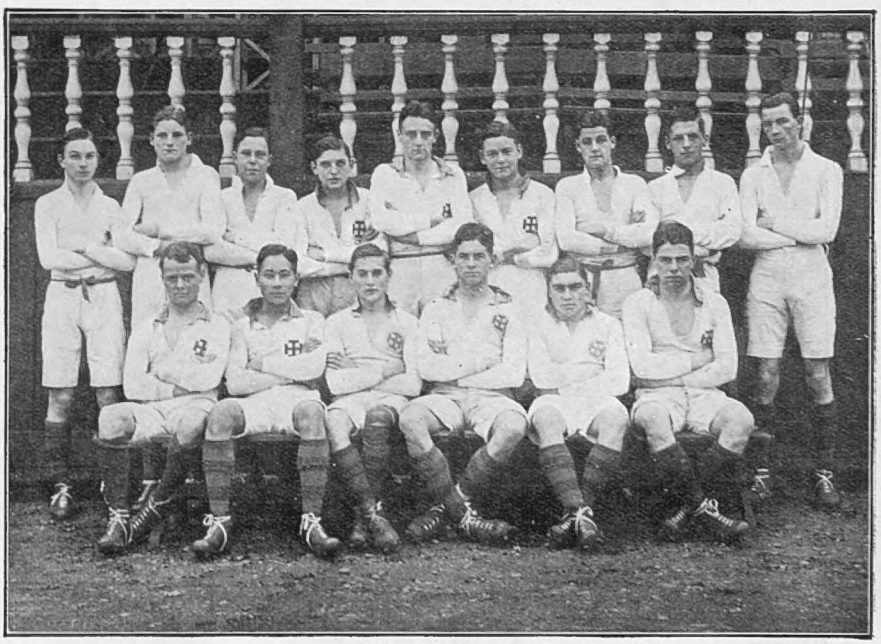
The Art of the Roll-in

ANOTHER thing he told me which is interesting is that half the trouble over the roll-in is caused by the carelessness of the player who rolls it in. Many men, he says, send the ball in with a sort of "chuck" which is not a roll at all; and it never seems to occur to them that they are not playing the game properly. He mentions A. D. Stocks as the bright particular instance of a player whose rolling-in has always been done to perfection.

Triumphant Tourists

THERE is one game in which the Americans have still a long way to go before they can catch us. It is ladies' hockey. The team of English lady hockey-players, which left for a tour in the Eastern States of America in October, has returned home, having played fifteen matches and won them all. They have scored altogether an amazing total of 259 goals, and have only had ten scored against them. Three of these matches were against All-Philadelphia, but they were all easily won. The game is not (as might be supposed) by any means in its infancy in America, but, although it has been a favourite game for some time at the various women's colleges, few women persevere with it after they have left college. Another bar to progress is the comparative shortness of the season in America. The English team, though by no means our strongest possible, was, nevertheless, a formidable one, containing, as it did, six internationals, and there is no doubt that its visit has given a

THE DOWNSIDE TEAM



Photographs THE CRANLEIGH TEAM [*Sport and General*

The Rugby Match at Queen's Club last week between Downside and Cranleigh Schools, was the occasion of a fine game and much enthusiasm. Cranleigh, who won last year, were expected to win again, but Downside, thanks mainly to superior weight in the scrummage and the pace and straight running of their backs, managed to turn the tables and win by three goals to one

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

great fillip to the game in America. No doubt in future many American women will follow the example of our own players and carry on after they have left school or college instead of contenting themselves with games of a less strenuous type.

Photograph *Central News*

ICE HOCKEY IN SWITZERLAND

Winter sport is now in full swing in Switzerland, and the popularity of ice-hockey is rapidly increasing. Our picture shows a match in progress on the rink at Mürren, where the Inter-'Varsity hockey match was due to be held last Thursday

TENNIS

The Bathurst Cup

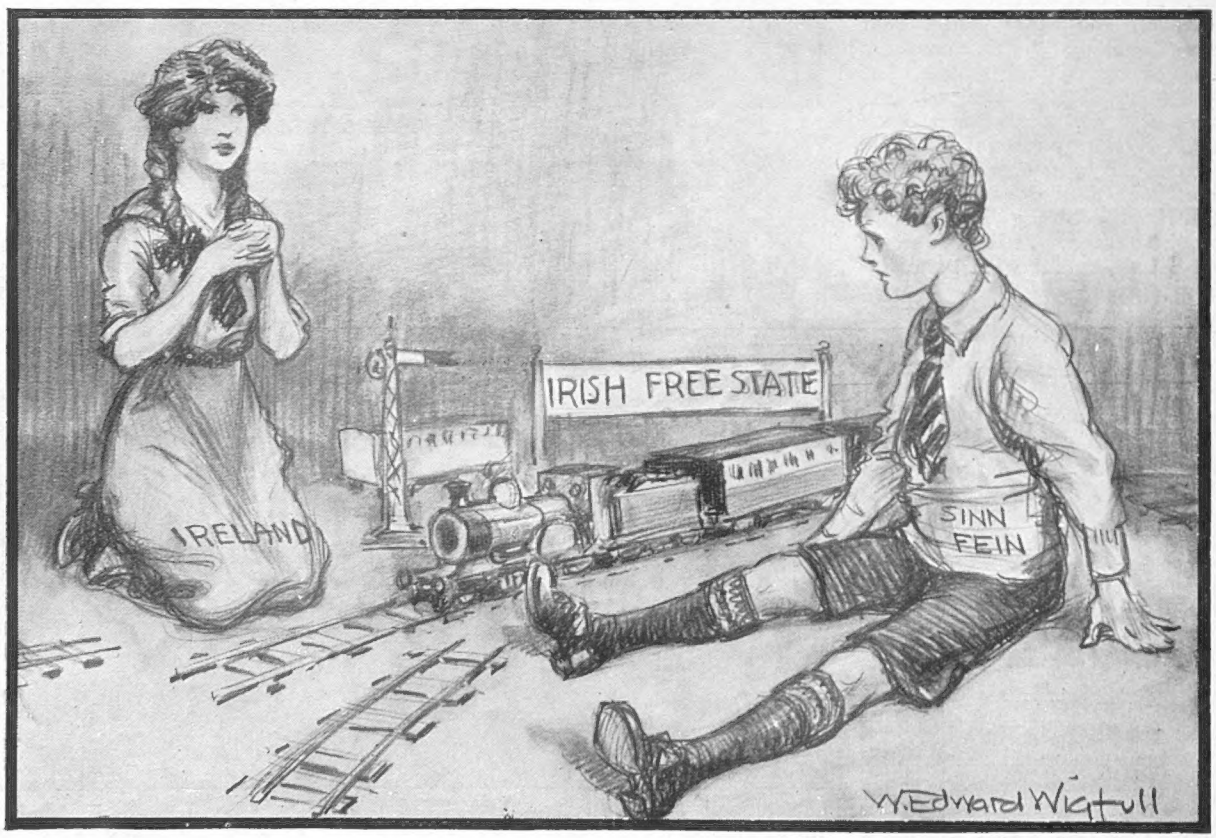
THE institution of an international team competition at tennis for the cup which has been presented by Lady Bathurst is now *un fait accompli*, and the ancient and venerable game has paid to its youthful namesake, lawn tennis, the compliment of so ordering the affairs of the Bathurst Cup that it will be run on lines similar to those of the Davis Cup. The principal difference is that the Bathurst Cup will be competed for in alternate years in England and France, beginning in 1922 with England, whereas the Davis Cup challenge tie is held in the country of the nation which holds the cup.

The Conditions Criticised

TENNIS, at present, at any rate, is not anything like as universal a game as lawn tennis. But America is one of the three principal tennis-playing nations (the other two being, of course, England and France), and it strikes me as not altogether equitable that America, if she wins the cup, should have to come to Europe to defend it. The game is also flourishing in Australasia, a land which breeds experts in all branches of sport, and it is quite on the cards that her representatives may one day take as high a place in tennis as they hold, for instance, in cricket and lawn tennis.

A Couple of Queries

THE only other criticisms that I have to offer are that in the conditions governing the competition as published in the daily papers I can find no provision showing what matches are to constitute a tie. The players forming a side are to be limited to four and "each tie shall be decided by the combined results of singles and four-handed games, and the side which shall win the majority of matches shall be the winner of a tie." This, as far as it goes, is plain sailing enough; but we are, apparently, left in the dark as to how many singles and how many "four-handed" matches are to be played. It is not clear, either, whether the nation which holds the cup will be called upon to "play through," or will be entitled to stand out and play the survivor of the other competing nations. H. S. S.



By W. E. WIGFULL

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

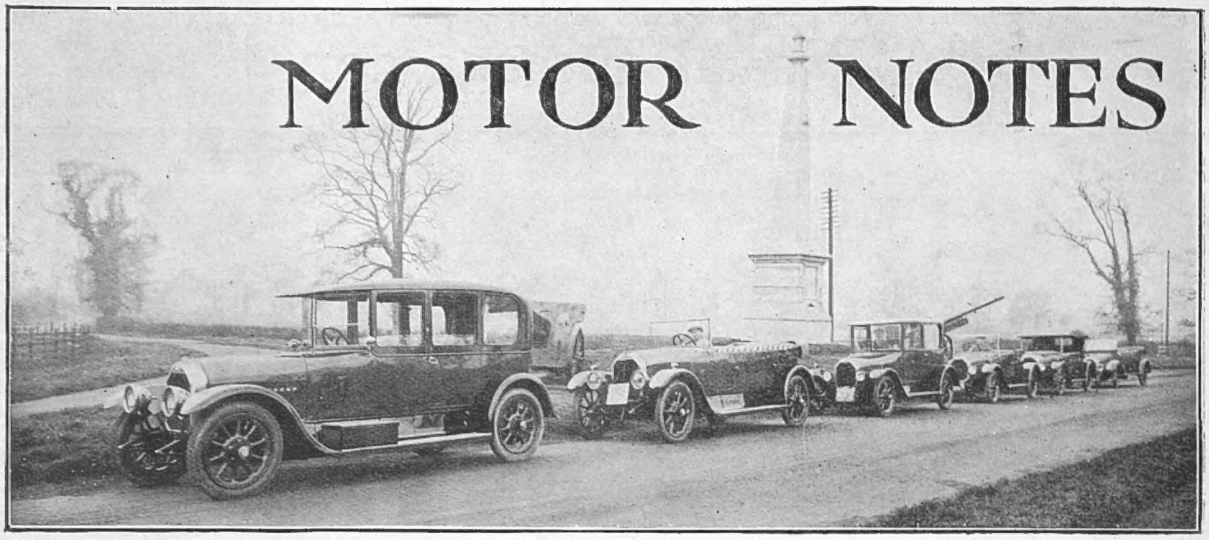
MISS IRELAND: "Isn't it lovely! D'you think you'll be able to make it go?"

"A Naval Engagement"

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

MOTOR NOTES



A FLEET OF HUMBER CARS

En route to Rugby from the Coventry works, standing near the 29th Division Memorial, a few miles north of Dunchurch at the junction of the Old Fosse and Holyhead roads, well known to motorists

Go and renew your car licence is the tocsin sounding in motorland to-day. Pay your money, and hope by this time next year the tax will be reduced like the armament bills and the Irish question. Anyway, you have got to pay it now if you want to save trouble for yourself later on, whether you like it or not. Yearly licences can be obtained while you wait at any money order post office on production of your old blue licence card and your registration book, together with a cheque or cash for the amount of the tax. Quarterly licences can only be obtained in exchange for the brown (December) licence at the P.O., as if a full year's licence is wanted by the present holder of a brown ticket the car owner must apply for the full year's ticket to the county or borough council's offices, the registration authority. As many folk have not yet received their registration book they had better take steps to hurry up the C.C. who is responsible for issuing it, as a new licence cannot be obtained without it.

* * *

Nowadays, the kerbside petrol and benzol pumps spring up on the roadside like mushrooms in a night. In fact, I can see a time coming when, as the old petrol tins wear out, the various distributing companies will cease to renew them. I fancy that will take some time, as, if my memory serves me, the Shell-Mex folk have some £30,000 of "three bob" tins in use at the present time. All the same, kerbside pumps and such like stations are on the increase. So much so that the municipal and fire authorities were getting a bit worried as to their being a possible source of danger. Consequently, good old Shell-Mex, after damning their pumps in their early days, a week or so ago procceded to demonstrate the absolute safety and accurate delivery of what petrol was discharged from their kerbside Shell-Mex red pumps.

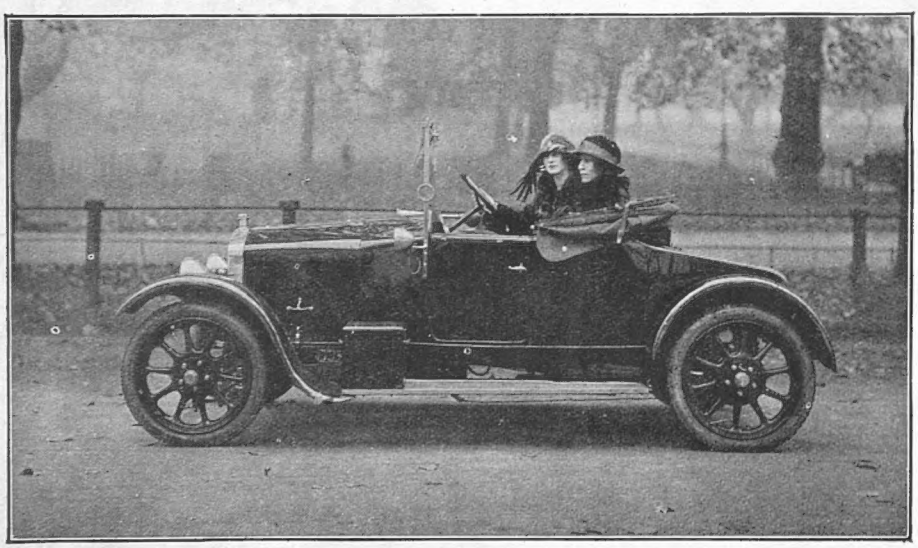
* * *

Personally, I had the wind up during the whole of the demonstration, and I was not alone in this manifestation. But when Mr. Yates and Brigadier-General Conway-Jenkins flourished flaming torches over the open and broken pipe connections of the 200 gallon tank, which was only half filled with petrol and, therefore, half full of gas, I wondered whether "another regrettable accident" would not be recorded in the newspapers the next morning. But, bless your hearts! nothing happened but a small feeble flame that put itself out in a few seconds for want of air, and the vent pipe connections would not light up at all, so the assembled big-wigs from fire brigades, town councils, Transport Ministry, Chief Constables, and such-like retired to the marquee and warmed up their inner man with coffee and other stimulants as it was a bit cold at Hurlingham that afternoon, where this demonstration of safety and accurate measure delivered took place.

* * *

But just one hint to motorists buying off these Shell-Mex kerbside or garage delivery pumps. See that when the man pumps up each gallon into the two stamped gallon measures of the pump itself that each gallon measure overflows into the other one before the lever is put over and the bell rung to warn the purchaser the petrol is going to flow into the tank of his car. Then you will get a degree of accuracy in quantity undreamt of in the annals of petrol tins.

Old Hy.



IN THE PARK

Lady Warrender (at the wheel) and Mrs. Forbes in a Wolseley "Ten," snapped while driving recently in Hyde Park